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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer. Pp. 426. London, 1828. W. Baynes and Son, and Wightman and Cramp; Philadelphia, J. Wardle.

The spirit of religious remembrance which has produced the *Amulet* is well in accord with the mild persuasiveness of our faith. The mind is no longer startled by the veiled skeleton of the ancient Egyptian feast; death's heads are no longer deemed necessary incentives to devotion: the outward signs of religion are as her own peculiar Sabbath, recalling all our higher duties but by a day of rest and thanksgiving. Such are the principles on which the *Amulet* is founded: the poet has awokened a graver but not a less tuneful chord; the tale of light amusement is blest with that of instruction: and if in the gay season approaching, one serious thought be awakened, one moment devoted to things eternal, the *Amulet* indeed takes a high ground.—The following sketch by Miss Mitford is a selection from the lighter material.

Fanny's Fairings.

"A happy boy was Thomas Stokes, the blacksmith's son, of Upton Lea, last May morning; he was to go to B— fair with his eldest brother William and his cousin Fanny, and he never closed his eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure he should enjoy on the morrow. 'Thomas,' for shortness called 'Tom,' was a lively, merry boy of nine years old, rising ten, as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life; so that his sleeplessness, as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant 'ho! ho!' (his usual exclamation when highly pleased), and the perpetual course of broad smiles in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin's case, since it was also her first fair; for Fanny, a pretty dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and, till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt, had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell: but why William, a young blacksmith of one-and-twenty, to whom hairs were almost as familiar as horse-shoes,—why he should lose his sleep on the occasion, is less easy to discover; perhaps from sympathy. Through Tom's impatience the party were early astir: indeed, he had roused the whole house long before day-break, and betimes in the forenoon they set forth on their progress; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say ho! ho! every minute, and much endangered the new hat that he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple: he, decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she, pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain, dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which, even more than

her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower, proclaimed her town breeding; although that ignorance was such, that Tom declared that on her first arrival at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.—Their way led through pleasant footpaths, every bank covered with cowslips and blue-bells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn and the tasseled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground, as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly planted grain; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream. A mingled stream in good sooth it was,—most motley procession! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribanded maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already; from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribands—to the 'grave and reverend signior,' the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair, and his well-preserved wedding suit, who hobbled stoopingly on, charged with two great-grandchildren: a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpy boy of three dragging him back. Children were there of all conditions, from 'mamma's darlings' in the coronet carriage—the little lords and ladies to whom a fair was, as yet, only a 'name of power'—down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother's back, to whom it was a familiar sight: no end to the children! no end to the grown people! no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed; gigs with one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, strings of horses, with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman, with his poor box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people! no end to the din! The turnpike-man opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation,

Never was known so full a May fair. And amongst the thousands assembled in the marketplace at B—, it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on ornithology with which *chemin faisant* he had thought fit to favour Fanny—(children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds)—had been rather thrown away on that fair damsel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm, and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off; when on the other, let go: poor Tom was evidently *de trop* in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents; in the clatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity, when William, having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation of selecting a cricket-ball, persuaded Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom's attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper's to the jeweller's, and from the jeweller's to the pastry-cook's; looking, the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him! but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he fancied that the secret lay there; and, on their rejoining him, having vainly offered to carry the basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained; at which question Fanny blushed, and William laughed; and on a repetition of the inquiry, answered with an arch smile, 'Fanny's fairings.' Now as Fanny had before purchased toys, and cakes, and such like trifles for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to repress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impudent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Bluebeard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders; the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea, at four o'clock. Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and gingerbread, than the gentlest reader would deem credible; and he had seen well nigh all the sights of the fair: the tall man, and the short woman, and the calf with two heads; had attended the in-door horsemanship and the outdoor play; the dancing dogs and two rare-

shows; and lastly, had visited and admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boa-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunder-buss to the elephant, although he was not much inclined to boast of that exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity, as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had found time to fire. Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless, he obeyed his brother's summons, and the little party set out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm-in-arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except their own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On tripped William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by, threw the whole group into confusion. No one was hurt; but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people. As the cavalcade disappeared, the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge sat master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by examining her basket, smiling and ho! ho! ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold: first a roll of white satin riband—ho! ho! then a pair of white cambric gloves—ho! ho! again; then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—ho! ho! Miss Fanny! Last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—ho! ho! once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand—so these are Fanny's fairings! ho! ho! ho! ho! "

The next very sweet poem is by Mrs. Hemans.

"The Dial of Flowers."

"Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezy main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—ever thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve."

The *Anniversary* is, we think, well worthy its poetical and feeling author, the Rev. T. Dale.

* "This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnaeus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it."

"The Anniversary."

A year hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's curious wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?
For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And thoughts in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unbless'd—
To flee away and be at rest.
Rest! how alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream?—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseem
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

It was no charm of face or mien
That link'd my heart to thee;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain;—thy form is fled,
But this can ev' recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy genial eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hush'd around,
The thrilling voice to hear;
Oh! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe again;
The waking—how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!
A year hath past—another year
Its wond'ring round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one;
How could I think of her died,
And taste of joy from nought beside?
Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear;
Whatever may yet befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All grief forgot, all guilt forgiven!"

A few lines of fine description by the able editor, Mr. Hall, who has himself been a most contributor—and we have done.

"But when the day was almost done,
The clouds were beautiful indeed,
When, from his daily duty freed,
Still in his glorious strength, the sun
Shone forth upon the twilight skies,
And graced them with his myrid dyes.
I saw the clouds that onward drew
From out the deep and distant blue,
Become all beautiful and bright,
As if to shew the coming night.
How great the radiance and the power,
E'en of the sun's departing hours!
They took all shapes, as Fancy wrought
Her wildest mind; thought with thought:
Some like familiar forms—the themes
Of early loves that fade to dreams—
Some were of rainbow shape and hue;
Some glister'd, like our earth, with dews;
Some were like forests, seen afar;
Some like the restless wandering star;
While some appear'd like coral caves
Half hidden by the ocean waves.
All cover'd with their snow-white spray;
Others were there, which seem'd to be
Fair islands in a dark blue sea,
Which human eyes at eve behold;
But only then—unseen by day
Their shores and mountains all of gold.

They vanished as the night came on—
Those varied hues and forms were gone;
But in their stead Reflection woke
To teach her lesson—thus she spoke:—

"Those very clouds, so bright, so gay,
So fair, are vapours which the earth
Feals unites, which owe their second birth
To Him who keeps his throne on high,
To bless the earth and gild the sky.
Yes, 'tis the sun whose influence brings
A change to these degraded things—
That gives them lovely forms, and then
Deprives them of their baneful powers,
And sends to mother earth again,
In gentle dews and cheering showers,
What was her burden and her ban."

Among favourites, which our limits forbid our extracting, we must mention the *Gipsy Girl*, a very charming little tale; a *Voyage round the World*, by Montgomery, a powerful poem; the *Earl of Stafford*, in the best manner of the author of *May You Like It*; the *Departed*, an exquisite poem by L. E. L.; a curious notice of *Ancient Coins*, illustrating the progress of Christianity, by Dr. Walsh; *St. Brendan's Prophecy*, by T. Crofton Croker; *Stanzas* by Henry Neele; and some poetry by B. Barton. We beg leave, however, to except from amongst like praise *Sandane's Dream*: it is a mere piece of fanaticism. The *Poet and the Glow-worm* is also a rather commonplace composition; but we notice it as an improvement upon the writer's poetry of last year. We hope he will continue to mend.

Transactions of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth. Vol. I. 4to. Perth.

PUBLICATIONS of this kind are always viewed by us with satisfaction. It is a vulgar practice to carp at antiquarian researches; and though many inquiries into the facts of olden times may be frivolous, many inferences ludicrous, and many conjectures mistaken, it is not too much to assert, that out of the least important of them all, very curious truths are often deduced, and, during their examination, collateral discoveries made, which amply reward the pains bestowed upon, apparently, trivial matters. The wisdom of past ages, taken altogether, is both a useful and a venerable theme for investigation; and we may well allow the jest and laugh at those who pursue it, occasionally, in an errant way. Only the heedless and the unfeeling can indulge in any deeper neglect of subjects so interesting to the human mind.

Impressed with these opinions, we have perused the present volume with much enjoyment. Its contents do great credit to the Society from which it has emanated, and to their Secretary, to whom we are indebted for editing it. Scotland is, to be sure, a land of antiquity, and Perth might justly claim to have been a central point for its principal events: but still we were not prepared for so valuable a publication to result from any provincial exertions as is here offered to our notice. We shall, therefore, briefly make our readers acquainted with the leading papers.

The first is a copy of correspondence relative to the transference of the University of St. Andrew's to Perth, in 1697-8; more locally than generally interesting, but remarkable as proving that a mere casualty (the retirement of Lord Tullibardine from office) prevented the project from being carried into effect,—so that Perth, instead of St. Andrew's, would have been a Scottish University.

The next paper is entitled *Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld*, by Alexander Myln, a canon of the church,—a translation from the Latin, written about the beginning of last century, and, altogether, a document full of curi-

us information. The Bishops of Dunkeld were too near the wild Highlands to be sinecure; and many of their transactions afford extraordinary pictures of the manners and condition of those barbarous times. The worthy monsion sets out with the founding of the see, originally a convent built and endowed "from his affection to St. Colme, the guardian of Scotland, by Constantine III, king of the Picts, by the persuasion of St. Adampanus." This, we are told, "happened about the year 729, 26 years nine months and six days after the church of Abernethy was built; others bring it to the length of 244 years. In this convent we placed that sort of monks which are commonly called Kelides, or Colides, that is, worshippers of God: agreeably to the customs of the eastern church, they were allowed to marry; only, when their turn of attendance upon the service of God came about, they had no liberty to cohabit with their wives till that was over. They had the same customs at the church of St. Rule, now called St. Andrew's; but this custom was to continue for no longer a time than the high director of the Christian church approved of it. Upon the increase of devotion among princes, the good King David, youngest son of Malcolm Canmor and of St. Margaret his queen, changed this into a convent of seculars; at the same time he got appointed a bishop and canons, about the year 1132."

The fourth bishop was "John Scot, an Englishman. He had been archdeacon of St. Andrew's, and in the year 1167 had been chosen bishop of that see. But King William stood out against him, and swore by the arm of St. James, that in regard he was born in England, in the village of Podock, he never should have access to that office; and by his own authority, he caused Hugh, his chaplain, to be consecrated. This John Scot, upon his return from the college of Paris, went a pilgrimage to St. Andrew's; he was well received by the bishop, who soon made him archdeacon; and upon the death of Richard, who had been the king's chaplain, he was chosen to succeed him as bishop of St. Andrew's. The king being disengaged at this choice, banished him and all his friends. He patiently bore this hard usage, and recourse to Pope Alexander III., to whom he gave information of his case; upon considering which, the pope confirmed his election, sent him back to Scotland, and with him Alexis, the cardinal dean, was despatched as nuncio. It was with difficulty the king gave them leave to enter the kingdom, and had not the bishop used his interest, the legate had excommunicated the clergy, who stood by the king, and had put the whole diocese under an interdict. He called an assembly of the higher clergy at the abbey of Holirudhouse, and caused Matthew, bishop of Aberdeen, to consecrate the bishop of St. Andrew's. However, he returned to Rome, as he could not stand against the king's displeasure; and when the pope, touched with his misfortunes, was about to put Scotland under an interdict, by his entreaties this bishop informed the pope; for he rather would renounce his just right, than that upon his account one mass should be hindered; and thus he staid seven years at Rome."

In 1312, "was chosen William Sinclair, uncle to William, Lord Bisset and Glascone. He was of a great family, and a man of courage, the champion of the church, and the brave defender of the constitution of the kingdom. In the sixth year after his consecration, he engaged as architect one Mr. Robert to finish the work of the church and quire. He

built the quire from the ground, in memorial of which he put a fluted cross on the east gavil, which to this day is used for the arms of his family and name. * * * *

" We read in the records of the kingdom, that while this magnanimous worthy clergyman resided at his palace of Achtertool, the sheriff of Fife went with a body of five hundred men, to make head against the English, who had landed in that neighbourhood; but upon observing the country laid waste, and that the enemy kept a good countenance, he fell back as fast as he could. Upon hearing this, the bishop armed himself, took horse with about sixty of his people who were well disciplined, soon meets the sheriff, cries aloud, 'What madness is it in you to run away at this rate?' The sheriff replied: 'Because the English are more numerous, and better soldiers than we are.' The bishop said, that if he got his due, the king would cause chop off his golden spurs; yet follow me and with the assistance of St. Colme, whose lands they laid waste, we shall have our revenge. He throws away his bishop's staff, grasps a spear, turns himself to the sheriff with this expression: 'Do follow me.' They did follow him, came up with the enemy, and happily obtained a great victory. There fell that day more than five hundred of the English, besides a number who by crowding into a barge, overset it and were all drowned. When King Robert returned from England, he had this man in great respect, and in talking of him he used a peculiar style: for he always called him 'My own Bishop,' and the letters he wrote were directed in this form: To our Bishop."

In 1396, "Robert Cardeny was made bishop by his sister's interest with the king. His father was Duncan Cardeny of that ilk, who by marriage became Laird of Foss. He filled the see forty years, and did many good actions; he purchased the lands of Muklere, out of the rents of which he endowed a vicar to say mass, in the quire, at the altar of St. Ninian's, which he had built and adorned. On the 27th April, 1406, he founded the isle of the church, and afterwards finished it. In his time the palace was thatched after the Highland form, and consisted of several long houses, which never passed the height of two floors. But as some wicked people designed to fall upon him, out of whose hands it was with difficulty he escaped to Duncan Carding's, of Inchewen, his brother, to prevent accidents of this sort, he built a castle, which is the best place of defence thereabouts. He made it a great hall, with vaulted granaries and larder under it."

Mr. James Bruss succeeded to the see in 1441.

" He was a man of steadiness, and exerted great resolution against the Highlanders. In particular, he had to stand against Robert Reoch Makdonoquhy, who was a scourge to the church. This wicked man caused plunder the church lands of Little Dunkeld. A nephew of the bishop's, of the name of Forrester, and who was forester of Torwood, rented these lands at that time. In riding to Perth, it happened that this Robert met Forrester to the east of the church of Authergavin; they all at once came to blows, and Reoch was deeply wounded in the head; but he did not die just then, but having dressed his wounds, he came to Perth, where the king was, and by way of reward for apprehending the master of Atholl, got from him a few right of the lands of Strowan. After having gone home, and taken possession of these lands, he died of his wounds.

It was owing to his death, that when the clan Donoquhy were called out by the king against the English, they on their way plundered the lands of Torwood. * * * *

" Mr. Thomas Lawder, master of Sowtry, who had been preceptor to James II. was named upon the king's recommendation: as he was then full sixty years of age, the chapter at first refused to appoint him, but having got over this scruple, he was happily consecrated. This venerable prelate had such an acquaintance with divinity, that himself preached the faith to his parishioners. It was by virtue of a good life, that he made his first attempt to bring to their duty such as were disobedient to God and the king. But when a fierce uncivilized people overran his province, he procured the king's commission for his bailiff, and being seconded by great family interest, he caused put several of them to death; and by this severity he kept the rest in awe. By his great sagacity, he got that archrobber Makbre, his sons, and the whole gang, rooted out. This man was reckoned the most infamous person of his time; the name he took was that of the bishop's sonner, that is, one who went about to extort money and victuals from the bishop's tenants. The bishop once happened to imprison one of that tribe which in Irish is named clan Donoquhy, upon which Alexander Robertson, their chief, got together a band of ruffians, fell upon the bishop, and threw a shower of arrows at him, at the very time in which he was, on Whitsunday, celebrating high mass in the cathedral, obliged him to give over the service, and to take shelter behind some of the timber of the quire; and though Alexander was one of the worst of men, yet upon rescuing his dependent, he retired without pushing his revenge any farther. A complaint is entered of this outrage to the king, and Robertson had been put to death, if it had not been for the interest of Lord Glannis, a great court favourite, whose daughter he had married without a portion. The king was softened by Lord Glannis, who also soothed the bishop to give up his revenge, for the hopes of favour at court."

Of another bishop, George Brown, we are told—

" He himself took the direction of the middle district, and sent into the Highlands the less preaching friars who understood Irish, that they might preach and hear confession, at least once a year. * * * *

" By the preaching of these men, there were several who had kept up their sins for thirty years, and who yet found themselves obliged to make confession, and obtain absolution. Those who had sinned publicly had their hearts touched so much with remorse, that the number was but very small of those who on their death-bed had themselves to accuse for atrocious sins, for which they had not formerly made atonement. But though he was very severe in his discipline, he never could apply to his own the fines of offenders: and it was his ordinary saying—' The oil of the wicked will never make my head to shine.' These fines he caused apply to the reparation or other uses of the parish church where the penitent resided."

Of a later diocesan (early in the sixteenth century) it is stated, that "though he was kept busy with law-suits, and with the purchase of lands, he by no means neglected the ornaments of the church. For, first, he gave it several silk copes, of which at least two agreed in colour. There were three of a gold stuff. He made of white cloth, embroidered with gold, a

cloak, a surplice, a robe, and every thing else of the same kind. There was a cover for the altar of blue and gold. He made a pulpit of brass divided into four, each division of which was supported by the statue of an evangelist; and when the gospel was read it was in that division which answered to the name of the evangelist which was then read. He made a less pulpit, which was supported by the statue of Moses behind, on which there was a candlestick of three branches. He caused paint the upper parts of the pews. He made new the throne of the holy cross, chancel, the altars of St. Martin and St. Michael. He caused make images of the apostles, and the portraits of the other saints were drawn upon the wall all round. But as to the kings, noblemen, bishops, and others, who had been the benefactors of the church, he caused their figures be drawn upon the wall behind the altar, that the whole quire might in the time of prayers have their eyes upon them."

After the fatal battle of Flodden, it is added—
"At this time the bishop, being worn out with age, and broke with grief, on account of the distresses and anarchy of his country, found himself, besides, tormented to death by that disease called the fell gravel. It was then he told me in secret, that he found his prayers had been heard, because he had feared God with his whole heart; for he told me it was his daily petition, that he might have great torture of body for some time before his death."

His death is circumstantially described, in 1514.*

"About midnight he gets out of bed, has himself decently clothed, sends for James Henderson, his barber, and has his beard dressed. It happened that one M'Kay had been executed the day before: God be praised, says he, I will die with more decency than M'Kay has done." After this, we said the prayers which are used when a man is at the point of death: we put a consecrated candle into his hand, upon receiving of which, he recommended his soul to God, and said, 'Into thy hands, O Lord,' &c. The cough continuing, we said the penitential Psalms, the Gospel, and the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin; and when he had almost been suffocated, for we looked upon him as dead, he raised his two hands, and looking at the crucifix, he muttered a prayer with great devotion. Then he put up his hand, closed with it his eyes, crossed his breast, and slept in the Lord, on Monday, January 14th, 1519,* in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the second year of the reign of James V. There continued with his body Robert Brown, and his other faithful servants. As to his relations, they were employed in securing his trunks and other effects."

The old bishops may be compared, by our readers, with the modern Jesuits in another of our Reviews: and we will devote a column or two farther to the *Perth Transactions* in our next Gazette.

The Mummy! a Tale of the Twenty-Second Century. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827.

H. Colburn.

THERE is a singular mixture of the ludicrous and romantic in these pages: the ludicrous lies in the sketches of a futurity, when the butlers are philosophers, the footmen linguists, the cooks accomplished as our present boarding-school damsels; when the parts of barrister and surgeon are performed by clock-work automata:—the romance is a very Germanic resu-

* These dates differ: but the volume is rather incorrectly printed, and we have no means of reconciling such discrepancies.—Ed. L. G.

citation, and very properly terrific. With much talent and much imagination, these volumes are nevertheless very unequal. Excepting for its gay sarcasm, the future is stubborn material for a writer; and the supernatural, with all its license, the most difficult engine to manage. The great fault of Cheops, the animated *Mummy*, is, that he does nothing but what any mortal could have done: and a striking title is certainly the why and wherefore of his resurrection. But now for a peep into the book itself.—A literary and philosophical kitchen:

"When Dr. Entwerfen left the breakfast-room of Lord Gustavus, which he did not do till a considerable time after the rest of the party had quitted it, he was so absorbed in meditation, that he did not know exactly which way he was going; and, happening unfortunately to turn to the right when he should have gone to the left, to his infinite surprise he found himself in the kitchen instead of his own study. Absent as the doctor was, however, his attention was soon roused by the scene before him. Being, like many of his learned brotherhood, somewhat of a gourmet, his indignation was violently excited by finding the cook comfortably asleep on a sofa on one side of the room, whilst the meat intended for dinner, a meal it was then the fashion to take about noon, was as comfortably resting from its toils on the other. The chemical substitute for fire, which ought to have cooked it, having gone out, and the cook's nap precluding all reasonable expectation of its re-illumination, the doctor's wrath was kindled, though the fire was not, and in a violent rage he seized the gentle Celestina's shoulder, and shook her till she woke. 'Where am I?' exclaimed she, opening her eyes. 'Any where but where you ought to be,' cried the doctor, in a fury. 'Look, hussy! look at that fine joint of meat, lying quite cold and sodden in its own steam.' 'Dear me!' returned Celestina, yawning, 'I am really quite unfortunate to-day! An unlucky accident has already occurred to a leg of mutton which was to have formed part of to-day's aliments, and now this piece of beef is also destroyed. I am afraid there will be nothing for dinner but some mucilaginous saccharine vegetables, and they, most probably, will be boiled to a viscous consistency.' 'And what excuse can you offer for all this?' exclaimed the doctor, his voice trembling with passion. 'It was unavoidable,' replied Celestina, coolly; 'whilst I was copying a cast from the Apollo Belvidere this morning, having unguardedly applied too much caloric to the vessel containing the leg of mutton, the aqueous fluid in which it was immersed evaporated, and the viand became completely calcined. Whilst the other affair—' 'Hush, hush!' interrupted the doctor; 'I cannot bear to hear you mention it. Oh, surely Job himself never suffered such a trial of his patience! In fact, his troubles were scarcely worth mentioning, for he was never cursed with learned servants!' Saying this, the doctor retired, lamenting his hard fate in not having been born in those halcyon days when cooks drew nothing but their poultry; whilst the gentle Celestina's breast panted with indignation at his complaint. An opportunity soon offered for revenge; and seeing the doctor's steam valet ready to be carried to its master's chamber, she treacherously applied a double portion of caloric; in consequence of which, the machine burst whilst in the act of brushing the doctor's coat collar, and by discharging the whole of the scalding water con-

tained in its cauldron upon him, reduced him to a melancholy state."

The next scene is the animating of Cheops.

"It was with feelings of indescribable solemnity that the doctor and Edric passed through a majestic portal, and found themselves in an apartment gloomily illuminated by the light shed faintly from an inner chamber, through ponderous brazen gates beautifully wrought. The light thus feebly emitted, shewed that the room in which they stood was dedicated to Typhon, the evil spirit, as his fierce and savage types covered the walls; and images of his symbols, the crocodile and the dragon, placed beneath the shadow of the brazen gates, and dimly seen by the imperfect light, seemed starting into life, and grimly to forbid the farther advance of the intruders. Our travellers shuddered, and opening with trembling hand the ponderous gates, they entered the *tomb of Cheops*. In the centre of the chamber stood a superb highly ornamented sarcophagus of alabaster, beautifully wrought; over this hung a lamp of wondrous workmanship, supplied by a potent mixture, so as to burn for ages unconsumed; thus awfully lighting up with perpetual flame the solemn mansions of the dead, and typifying life eternal even in the silent tomb. Around the room, on marble benches, were arranged mummies simply dried, apparently those of slaves; and close to the sarcophagus was placed one contained in a case, which the doctor approached to examine. This was supposed to be that of Sores, the confidant and prime-minister of Cheops. The chest that enclosed the body was splendidly ornamented with embossed gilt leather, whilst the parts not otherwise covered were stained with red and green curiously blended, and of a vivid brightness. The mighty Ptah, the Jupiter of the Egyptians, spread its widely extended wings over the head, grasping in his monstrous claws a ring, the emblem of eternity; whilst below, the vulture form of Rhea proclaimed the deceased a votary of that powerful deity; and on the sides were innumerable hieroglyphics. The doctor removed the lid, and shuddered as the crimson tinge of the everlasting lamp fell upon the hideous and distorted features thus suddenly exhibited to view. This sepulchral light, indeed, added unspeakable horror to the scene, and its peculiar glare threw such a wild and demoniac expression on the dark lines and ghastly lineaments of the mummies, that even the doctor felt his spirits depressed, and a supernatural dread creep over his mind as he gazed upon them. In the mean time, Edric had stood gazing upon the sarcophagus of Cheops. *

"They gazed, however, with deep but undefinable interest upon the sculptured mysteries of the tomb of Cheops, vainly endeavouring to decipher their meaning; whilst, as they found their efforts useless, a secret voice seemed to whisper in their bosoms:—'And shall finite creatures like these, who cannot even explain the signification of objects presented before their eyes, presume to dive into the mysteries of their Creator's will? Learn wisdom by this omen, nor seek again to explore secrets above your comprehension! Retire whilst it is yet time; soon it will be too late!' Edric started at his own thoughts, as the fearful warning, 'soon it will be too late,' rang in his ears; and a fearful presentiment of evil weighed heavily upon his soul. He turned to look upon the doctor, but he had already seized the lid of the sarcophagus, and, with a daring hand, removed it from its place, displaying in

the fearful light the royal form that lay beneath. For a moment, both Edric and the doctor paused, not daring to survey it; and when they did, they both uttered an involuntary cry of astonishment, as the stern, but handsome features of the mummy met their eyes; for both instantly recognised the sculptured warrior in his traits. Yes, it was indeed the same; but the fierce expression of fiery and ungoverned passions depicted upon the countenance of the marble figure, had settled down to a calm, vindictive, and concentrated hatred upon that of its mummy prototype in the tomb. Awful, indeed, was the gloom that sat upon that brow, and bitter the sardonic smile that curled those haughty lips. All was perfect as though life still animated the form before them, and it had only refined there to seek a short repose. The dark eyebrows, the thick raven hair which hung upon the forehead, and the snow-white teeth seen through the half-open lips, forbade the idea of death; whilst the fiend-like expression of the features made Edric shudder, as he recollects the purpose that brought him to the tomb; and he trembled at the thought of awakening such a fearful being from the torpor of the grave to all the renewed energies of life. 'Let us go,' whispered the doctor to his pupil, in a low, deep, and unearthly tone, fearfully different from his usually cheerful voice. Edric started at the sound, for it seemed the last sad warning of his better genius when he abandoned her for ever. The die, however, was cast, and it was too late to recede. Indeed, Edric felt worked up to frenzy by the over-wrought feelings of the moment. He seized the machine, and resolutely advanced towards the sarcophagus, whilst the doctor gazed upon him with a horror that deprived him of either speech or motion. Innumerable folds of red and white linen, disposed alternately, swathed the gigantic but well-proportioned limbs of the royal mummy; and upon his breast lay a piece of metal, shining like silver, and stamped with the figure of a winged globe. Edric attempted to remove this, but recoiled with horror, when he found it bent beneath his fingers with an unnatural softness; whilst, as the flickering light of the lamp fell upon the face of the mummy, he fancied its stern features relaxed into a ghastly laugh of scornful mockery. Worked up to desperation, he applied the wires of the battery and put the apparatus in motion; whilst a demoniac laugh of derision appeared to ring in his ears, and the surrounding mummies seemed starting from their places and dancing in unearthly merriment. Thunder now roared in tremendous peals through the Pyramids, shaking their enormous masses to the foundation, and vivid flashes of light darted round in quick succession. Edric stood aghast amidst this fearful convulsion of nature. A horrid creeping seemed to run through every vein, every nerve feeling as though drawn from its extremity, and wrapped in icy chillness round his heart. Still he stood immovable, and gazing intently on the mummy, whose eyes had opened with the shock, and were now fixed on those of Edric, shining with supernatural lustre. In vain Edric attempted to rouse himself; in vain to turn away from that withering glance. The mummy's eyes still pursued him with their ghastly brightness; they seemed to possess the fabled fascination of those of the rattle-snake, and though he shrank from their gaze, they still glared horribly upon him. Edric's senses swam, yet he could not move from the spot; he remained fixed, chained,

and immovable, his eyes still riveted upon the mummy, and every thought absorbed in horror. Another fearful peal of thunder now rolled in lengthened vibrations above his head, and the mummy rose slowly, his eyes still fixed upon those of Edric, from his marble tomb. The thunder pealed louder and louder. Yells and groans seemed mingled with its roar; the sepulchral lamp flared with redoubled fierceness, flashing its rays around in quick succession, and with vivid brightness; whilst by its horrid and uncertain glare, Edric saw the mummy stretch out its withered hand as though to seize him. He saw it rise gradually—he heard the dry, bony fingers rattle as it drew them forth—he felt its tremendous gripe—human nature could bear no more—his senses were rapidly deserting him; he felt, however, the fixed steadfast eyes of Cheops still glowing upon his failing orbs, as the lamp gave a sudden flash, and then all was darkness! The brazen gates now shut with a fearful clang, and Edric, uttering a shriek of horror, fell senseless upon the ground; whilst his shrill cry of anguish rang wildly through the marble vaults, till its re-echoes seemed like the yell of demons joining in fearful mockery."

Our next extract is for the benefit of our lady readers now and hereafter.

"The dresses of the queen and her attendants were worthy of the apartment they occupied. Brocaded silks, cloth of gold, embroidered velvets, gold and silver tissues, and gossamer nets made of the spider's web, were mingled with precious stones and superb plumes of feathers, in a profusion quite beyond description. The most beautiful of the female habiliments, however, were robes made of woven asbestos, which glittered in the brilliant light like molten silver. The ladies were all arrayed in loose trowsers, over which hung drapery in graceful folds; and most of them carried on their heads streams of lighted gas forced by capillary tubes into plumes, fleurs-de-lis, or in short any form the wearer pleased."

"Many of the ladies had turbans of woven glass; whilst others carried on their hats very pretty fountains made of glass-dust, which, being thrown up in little jets by a small perpetual motion-wheel, sparkled in the sun like real water."

We should say our present culprit was a young author; if so, we shall expect much more than this—that the *Mummy* has, we trust, both amusement and interest, in the way of Novel reading. The story is altogether of a future epoch, when wonderful changes shall have taken place; and, perhaps, the fancy of a writer in this class is less likely to be responded to by the fancies of others than if either present or past were the theme.

Shaksperiana. Catalogue of all the Books, Pamphlets, &c. relating to Shakespeare. To which are subjoined, an Account of the early Quarto Editions of the great Dramatist's Plays and Poems; the Prices at which many Copies have sold in Public Sales; together with a List of the leading and esteemed Editions of Shakspeare's collected Works. 8vo. pp. 69. London, 1827. J. Wilson.

This is work, the necessity of which has been long felt, and its appearance will, we doubt not, be hailed with pleasure by every lover of our immortal dramatist. It is not to the mere collector, the bibliomaniac, who estimates value in proportion to rarity, and whose talismanic watch-word is *unique*; it is not solely for the gratification or information of

this class of society, that the editor of the tract before us has directed his researches; but to guide the man of letters in his studies on this particular subject, and to produce a bibliographical account, not only of the separate and collected editions of Shakspeare's plays, but also of the more valuable publications (the title-page assures us "all"), whether critical or biographical, in reference to Shakspeare.

Prefix to the Catalogue of *Shaksperiana* is a somewhat *lengthy*, though entertaining, preface of forty-one pages, in which the editor investigates the relative claims of twelve supposed portraits of Shakspeare.

1, 2, and 3, are among the earliest attempts of pictorial forgery,—the ingenious efforts of William Henry Ireland, whose fabrications are too well known to require any farther exposure here.

4, is a portrait in the possession of Mr. Machell Stace;—it was engraved in 1811, by R. Cooper, and is considered both by Boden and Wivell to be spurious.

5. This portrait was in the possession of the late Mr. Coway:—our editor considers it similar to the existing engravings of Fletcher, and dissimilar to every supposed likeness of the bard.

6, is the production of one Holder; it was formerly in the hands of Dunford, a dealer, who sold it to Mr. Evans, a hop-merchant: it was first brought forth as an *undoubted original*, painted by Zuccherino. It is curious enough, that an exact fac-simile of this fabrication is in the possession of Edward Gray, Esq. of Hornsey, who purchased it of Mr. Forster, a dealer, for five guineas.

7. This portrait is the work of one Zincke; it was originally the portrait of a dancing-master, and was altered by the above artist to a clever representation of the poet. It has never been engraved.*

8. To Zincke must be attributed this portrait. It was purchased by Mr. Winstanley of Liverpool, from one Benton, a pawnbroker in Holborn, for a trifling sum; and so tenacious is this gentleman of its *undoubted originality*, that, although its fabrication has been clearly and satisfactorily proved to him, he is yet unwilling to give credence to that which would terminate the existence of his darling.†

9. Another specimen of Zincke's ingenuity, who has inscribed on the back some curious verses and a *true* history of the picture, which put its *authenticity beyond all doubt*—at least in the opinion of the fabricator. A Mr. Hamilton, of Dublin, possesses this picture; it was obtained from Neat, of Change Alley, at no inconsiderable price.

10. "This portrait was repaired and manufactured into a resemblance of our bard by one Holder. It was sold to the Hon. H. T. Liddell, by Mr. Lewis, of Charles Street, Soho, for thirty-nine pounds:"—and was for a very long time reputed an original; but Mr. Wivell has detected the cheat most clearly and satisfactorily—see his Inquiry, p. 211, and also our Review of it, July 7, p. 435.

11. Zincke again presents an effort of his creative pencil, in the form of a family portrait of Shakspeare. "Upon one occasion, he (Zincke) became possessed of a picture containing the portraits of a whole family, which he purchased of Mr. Hilder, a picture-dealer in Gray's-Inn Lane. Some months after, when the latter called upon Zincke, our artist placed

* For a further account of this portrait, see our *Gazette* for Oct. 13, 1818.

† For Mr. Winstanley's proof of the authenticity of his portrait, see our *Gazette* for Feb. 20th, 1819.

the identical canvas before Mr. Hilder, who did not call to mind his former property, on account of the artist having *transmogrified* every physiognomy, from those of the papa and mamma, to the last of the progeny, into so many Shakespeares."

12. The Bellows Picture:—"We are now arrived at an era in the history of fabrications, when it will be necessary to dwell more at large upon the subject; we shall, however, from motives of delicacy, refrain from giving names to the public."

Our limits will not allow us to transcribe fourteen closely printed pages of a very amusing history of this Bellows Picture: we shall content ourselves with giving our readers the outline of the story, which is as follows:—An English gentleman, long resident at Paris, became acquainted with a brother Englishman, who rendered his knowledge of antiquities, books, MSS., and pictures, a source of no small pecuniary benefit. In the course of their intimacy, Shakespeare was frequently mentioned, and the value of an original portrait of the poet, should such ever occur, formed a matter of speculation.

During one of our antiquary's visits to London, he writes to his friend in Paris, and tells him that he has just received a letter from a French gentleman in Normandy, offering him a curious original portrait (a bust) of Will Shakespeare; he expatiates upon the authenticity of the picture, which he asserts "is put beyond all question by the name mentioned in the legend, carved in old English of the time on the antique oaken frame."

The antiquary then tells his friend that the picture was brought into France by Sir Kenelm Digby (afterwards Earl of Bristol), during the reign of Charles the First. He adds, that the value put upon it is 1000 francs, and he requires double that sum, as he states, "to you," in consideration of personal friendship and esteem, we presume.

The bait is taken, and the portrait purchased as an original. The antiquary's reply, enclosing a copy of the legend, which is admirably well done, we give entire. As an impudent forgery, it is curious; as a specimen, *sui generis*, it is unrivalled. Our antiquary writes thus:

"I am obliged to you for your letter offering me eighty pounds sterling for the Shakespeare portrait. It is unquestionably an original painting of the time, from the description given me. The oaken frame is the one half of the exterior of an immense pair of bellows, formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth. The legend:

"WHOME HAVE WE HERE,
STUKE ONNE THE BELLOWES!!!
THATTE PRINCE OF GOODE FEL-
LOWES,
WILLIE SHAKSPERE.
OH! CURSTE UNTOWARDE LUCKE,
TO BE THUS MEANLIE STUKE-
POINS.
NAYE RATHER GLORIOUS LOTTE,
TO HYMME ASSYGN'D,
WHO, LYKE TH' ALMIGHTIE, RYDES
THE WYNGES O' TH' WYNDE.
FYSTOLLE."

Although the picture afforded a very feasible portrait of Shakespeare, yet the purchaser pressed his friend for its history or rather identification: the vendor, finding himself reduced to a dilemma, confesses that his tale of the picture having been sent to him from Normandy, and its association with the name of Sir Kenelm Digby, is a mere fabrication; but

alleges that it really came from London, and was bought with a parcel of rubbish found in a lumber-room in Carlton Palace."

The crisis was fast hastening, when the fraud of our antiquary was to be made manifest. The purchaser placed his newly-acquired treasure in the hands of one M. Ribet, an experienced cleaner of old paintings, in order to discover whether it was an original or not, when lo!—but we will give the *dénouement* as it appears before us.

"Conceive the shock experienced by the proprietor on being told by M. Ribet that, instead of Shakespeare, his portrait was not even that of a *male*, but the representation of an *old woman*! In short, on applying the fatal poison, dipped in the ingredient necessary to clean off the re-paint and dirt, away had vanished the broad, high, prepossessing front of Avon's bard; the brown mustaches and expanded ruff having given place, like magic, to a cap decorated with blue ribands, and a lip unadorned by whiskers, while a kerchief became apparent, modestly overspreading the matronly bosom."

To reduce a long story to a few words, is simply to inform our readers, that a mutual exchange of the "Bellows Portrait" and the eighty pounds was effected upon its being restored to its quondam Shakspearian appearance; but in the mean time, and previously to the fatal discovery, our thrice-fortunate antiquary had procured and offered to his Parisian judgeon another authentic portrait of Shakespeare, most adroitly concealed in the shape of a miniature; a second large oil-painting would have been too glaring: this pretended bijou has some twelve or fourteen lines attached to it, signed, "Thyne owne, B. Jonson."

The final destination of the "Bellows Portrait" is curious; it was purchased by the late celebrated actor Talma, for the sum of 200*l.*, who, with suitable adoration for his dearly-obtained relic, bestowed upon it a most sumptuous case. Upon M. Talma's death, his property was disposed of by public auction, when this dexterous fabrication produced the trifling sum of about 130*l.*; and it is asserted, that the purchaser of the "Bellows Portrait" "conceives himself possessed of the only authentic likeness of Shakespeare."

The Catalogue of Books and Tracts relating to Shakespeare appears to be tolerably correct: that it does not enumerate *all*, as the title-page announces, we are thoroughly convinced; it is, however, a very neat bibliographical detail of the leading pieces illustrative of the dramatist, comprising 204 articles.

The notices of the early quarto editions, and of the collected editions of the Plays, complete the work; they are evidently from the pen of one well versed in book affairs, we should think practically; and the prices being attached to each number, taken from the sale catalogues of the more celebrated libraries, greatly adds to the value and utility of the book.

We are very far behind our continental neighbours in productions of this description; and it is to be hoped, that a sensible, judicious bibliographical work, devoted solely to English literature, may some day appear: the ponderous tomes of Watts, and the extravagantly illustrated volumes of Dibdin, however useful the one, and beautiful the other, are neither calcu-

lated to meet the wishes nor the resources of the bulk of literary men: few, very few, who are blessed with the inclination, are equally blessed with the means of appropriating twelve guineas to the purchase of a book which is, *ipso facto*, to serve merely as a sort of hand-port to others.

If a few of our opulent booksellers would follow the example of Mr. Wilson, who is, we understand, both the editor and the publisher of this unassuming though instructive *brochure*, we should soon be in possession of a bibliographical manual upon every branch of domestic literature. We heartily thank Mr. Wilson for his very laudable effort, which we consider indispensable to every lover of our immortal Shakespeare who wishes to form his own opinion, and at the same time avail himself of the labours and researches of former critics; to such, *Shaksperiana* will prove invaluable.

The Modern Jesuits.

(Concluded.)

"GRIVEL (DE), a native of Franche Comté, the most intriguing, the most polished, the most dissembling, the most perfidious, the most cunning, the most fanatical, the most incredulous, the most wicked, the most formidable of all the Jesuits. He is a man of prodigious memory, of incredible falsehood, skilled in the management of minds of every cast; capable of directing with equal ease the courts of Kings and the convents of Visitandines; of winning by his flattery and deceitful speeches the artisan, the man of property, the ecclesiastic, the man of letters, and the courtier. A taste for travelling, for intrigue, for agitation, for revolutions, and for adventures fatal to empires, caused him to enter among the Jesuits. He therefore went to Russia, and was instantly destined to educate noblemen and princes. His wit, his prepossessing air, his noble demeanour, his easy morality, gained him access to the houses of all the great and eminent. He alured into the society several men of distinction, both in Poland and Russia. At St. Petersburg he had established a congregation, in which were seen the Count de Maistre, M. de Cossé Brissac, and M. de Galitzin; there were congregations of women of all ranks, in every principal town of all the Russias. A vast conspiracy was in progress for changing the entire dominion of the Czar. Father Grivel had already seduced a young prince of the imperial court; his brethren had drawn into their party some considerable men,—when in an instant every thing was frustrated by his own imprudence and that of Father Philop. He was consequently recalled to Polotsk, obliged to leave Russia abruptly, to repair to Rome, and thence proceed to England, as the bearer of a letter from the general to Father Simpson. This letter contained new arrangements for France." The Society of France received, through this ambassador, many marks of particular esteem and consideration. It received very extended privileges; flattering letters were addressed to it; very long audiences of the Pope in the palace of the Vatican were granted to its deputy; and I have been assured that superior orders were given to the provincials of Turin and Fribourg to favour the rising Society of Paris. On his return from Italy, Father Grivel made no long stay at Paris. He went on a visitation through France with Father Simpson, visited every place favourable to the establishments of the company, had secret interviews with several bishops, enrolled almost every where a number of novices, whom he sent

* The original story circulated in London upon the first appearance of the picture, was, that it had belonged to the Bear's Head public-house in Eastcheap: this was a piece of domestic topography not likely to pass current with an Englishman long resident in Paris.—See, however, the *Literary Gazette* for 1823, p. 42, for a complete exposure of this fraud.

in Mont-Rouge, and raised considerable contributions for the maintenance of the society."

"Jourdan, a native of Portugal.—General Brossozki invested him with the habit of the society at Polotsk, and destined him for the missions at St. Petersburg. He was at Warsaw at the time when the French troops invaded Poland. He had orders to follow our armies even into Russia, in order to confess some superior officers. The Baron de D., who never failed to fast on Fridays and Saturdays, used to give a religious banquet to all the officers who were congregans, and Father Jourdan was always invited by his friend the baron to witness this admirable submission to the laws of the holy Roman church. I have this fact from Father Jourdan himself, with whom I was acquainted in France. Father Jourdan, who disliked a conquering usurper, at this period frustrated the attempt to reduce a small town of considerable importance. The officer who commanded the attack was one of Father Jourdan's penitents. To draw down the blessing of Heaven upon the battle which he was about to give, he wished to confess himself, and to do penance for all his past sins. The Jesuit confessor refused him absolution for this reason, that in an unjust war, a Christian soldier ought to exert himself solely for the overthrow of the conqueror, and not to ensure his triumph. To obtain absolution, the captain changed his plan of attack, left the victory to his enemy, and witnessed, without remorse, the slaughter of a considerable part of his troops. After the rout of the French armies, the Portuguese Jesuit was summoned to St. Petersburg to assist his brethren in raising a revolt in Russia. Father Jourdan, who united to a robust and vigorous constitution great intrepidity, vehement ambition, and profound policy, was charged with a most painful and difficult mission. While Father Grivel and Father Pholop attacked the capital of the empire, and other missionaries besieged the principal towns, Jourdan travelled along the coasts of the Baltic, traversed, at incredible risk, the centre of the dominions of the Czar, proceeded to the shores of the Black Sea, and was to have returned towards the Dwina, had he not been obliged to recede before the formidable forces of the Cossacks, who had already taken alarm at the rapidity and success of his movements. He had no sooner returned to St. Petersburg, than he was expelled from Russia, and from Poland, with all those of his fraternity. * * * War was kindled in Spain. The Jesuit of Madrid, of Toledo, &c. &c. fled into Provence and to the banks of the Garonne, with Prince Justiniani, the apostolic nuncio, who desired no other palace for his residence than the college of the Jesuits at Bourdeaux. Father Jourdan then received orders from his general, to take with him some Jesuits of Manresa, to embark at Rheims, and proceed to Rome, where he was to receive some important commissions. Respecting this business, nothing is known, but that he departed secretly from Rome, with an Italian Jesuit very recently arrived from Madrid, and that they were again seen at Rome some months afterwards, where they had long interviews with some Spaniards of distinguished rank. At this epoch, I saw in the town of Narbonne some of Ferdinand's gentlemen, who mentioned to me the arrival of two foreign Jesuits at Madrid, and they, I have reason to suspect, were the very Jesuits of whom I am now speaking. On his return from Spain, Father Jourdan resided at Rome, near the residence of his general, who in a short time despatched him

into Portugal, with greatly extended powers. On landing at Lisbon, he repaired to Villa Viçosa, where he was to have a secret interview with a nobleman of the court of Madrid, for the purpose of delivering letters to him from some congregans of Rome and Paris, as well as for adopting the most efficient measures for permanently re-establishing the Society of the Jesuits in the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal."

"Pholop.—No sooner was he informed that Catherine had preserved in her dominions the relics of the ancient society, than he hastened to assume the habit of Ignatius; his zeal, and the facility with which he spoke the Russian language, soon gained him advancement. To this also, the name of Condé, which he had usurped, in a great degree contributed. A name so renowned, even on the banks of the Dnieper, had gained him the highest respect among the Poles and Russians; they fully believed that he was of the blood of the Bourbons, because he had assumed their name; and the Jesuits, for the glory of God, and the salvation of their fellow-men, accredited, by a mental reservation, this pious error. For some years, Father Pholop had exercised his talents in the colleges of the society. He was soon brought forth from the narrow precincts of a house of education to enter upon a vast career. He was appointed missionary to St. Petersburg, and repaired to that capital in company with Fathers Grivel, Jourdan, and some other Jesuits: their orders were to confine their missions in the first instance to the Catholics, and to insinuate themselves by all the arts of courtesy and politeness into the good graces of the principal persons at court. In this they succeeded: Father Pholop, who united to great attainments in science much wit and acuteness, soon became a particular favourite with the great: De Grivel, who was practised in the ways of the world, and possessed a variety of knowledge, together with a profoundly politic mind, and a very engaging disposition, gained the esteem of all the young nobility, and of the most distinguished ladies. The emperor himself became the protector and friend of the Jesuits; he was in the habit of visiting, without the parade of sovereignty, some of the members for whom he had a particular esteem, and several of the princes and grandees followed the example. Such marked attention emboldened the children of Ignatius, and they betrayed themselves by too much precipitation. Father Balandre no longer kept within bounds while preaching in the churches of St. Petersburg. Proceeding afterwards through all the countries of Finland, to the Gulf of Bothnia, he visited even the coast of the White Sea, preparing the way for his company, whose intention was to form a settlement at Archangel, on the shores of the Frozen Ocean; Father Jourdan acted with great zeal in the town of Riga; and other Jesuits exerted themselves in every part of Russia. * * *

"The court of Russia, quiet, and apparently indifferent, suffered them to proceed in the work of universal monarchy which they were anxious to found; numbers of Jesuits already swarmed on the coasts of the Baltic, on the banks of the Dwina, and in the neighbourhood of Siberia; one missionary had even reached Astracan; and the morality of the Jesuits was nearly becoming triumphant, when the boldness of Father Pholop in the court of Russia dissolved all their projects, and frustrated their fairest hopes. Among the courtiers at St. Petersburg was a young prince, the son of one of Alexander's most powerful minis-

ters; the Jesuits thought that he might afford them considerable support if they could attach him to themselves; they laid their snares, flattered his ambition, promised him high honours and unlimited power, gave him to understand that even the crown of Russia was a trifle in comparison with that; which they were disposed to bestow on him; in short, by alluring and urging the young prince, they caused him to abjure his religion, and secured his fidelity to the new faith by the most solemn oaths. This conversion, though effected in secret, was very soon discovered; and, indeed, the young prince himself avowed that he was a Roman Catholic. His father had recourse to entreaties, caresses, menaces, and allurements: the youth's resolution was not to be shaken; he would die for the faith he had adopted. The irritated minister complained to the emperor, requesting that his majesty would either avenge him, or allow him to retire from court. The Jesuits, still more powerful, exerted all their strength, and employed all their intrigues; they sent away Fathers Pholop and De Grivel from Russia; raised alarms in the court and in the capital; accused the minister who persecuted them of falsehood and calumny; and would have caused his removal, had not the minister at the same time detected their manœuvres, and obtained certain proofs of a conspiracy concerted in Poland, in which the Jesuits had undertaken to place the crown of that country on the head of a king descended from the Poniatowskis. Astonished at these mighty projects, and terrified at the audacity of these religious conquerors, Alexander ordained that his states should be totally purged of the Jesuits; he sent troops to take possession of their houses and lands, in order that their numerous serfs might be prevented from revolting. He was no longer oversawed by the presence of Brossozki; that general was just dead; and, if we may believe the Jesuits, his death, far from being natural, must have been brought on by secret poison. After traversing the Austrian States, Pholop and De Grivel took a journey to Rome, and soon afterwards repaired to Paris. Father Pholop resided for some time in this capital, engaged in maturing his vast plan of universal empire. Jerusalem and Rome were to be its principal cities; Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Madrid, were to hold a distinguished rank; Paris and London, before they could be anything, must pass through the fire, in order to be purified from profaneness; Africa and the New World must remain in barbarism, and be considered mere cipher in the scale of nations. Destitute as they were of arms, destitute also of the vain title of kings, the brotherhood might have attained their object. At a former epoch, Francis Xavier, alone and destitute of money, and solely upborne by the vast designs which he was determined to realise, sailed from Lisbon, traversed the vast expanse of two oceans, landed in India, which he subdued; then enthralled the most politic and the proudest people of Asia, triumphed over an hundred different nations, reached the very gates of China, and, had not his course been arrested by death, this new Alexander would have chained to his triumphal car all the nations in the world. This also was the design of Father Pholop, as indeed it is of all the Jesuits. His health being daily on the decline, he is gone to breathe the air of Bourdeaux, where he continually meditates on the means of aggrandizing the Society of Jesus."

We conclude with only a portion of the sketch of Father Seville, a Polish nobleman,

who is described as of a frank and superior character. The following confession is put into his mouth :—

" When I wished to return into the bosom of my family, I went to consult with all my brother Jesuits, and disclose to them the innermost thoughts of my heart. I accosted Father Seville ; and his simple and engaging manners, full of mildness and gravity, inspired me with the confident expectation that I was addressing myself to a sage. I was not mistaken. He spoke to me with that frankness and freedom which denote an honest mind ; and, judging me to be a young man prepared to imbibe his instructions, he concluded with these remarkable words : ' Religion is merely a pretext which the company employs to extend its empire ; conscience is the offspring of prejudices ; religion is the contrivance of men. If our missionaries traverse the seas to preach the name of Jesus, it is for the sake, not of Jesus, but of our Saint Ignatius, to whom we owe every thing. Wherever we go, we fail not to introduce rites and ceremonies ; they are the aliment of superstition, and by superstition the people are to be subjugated. Temples must be erected for communities that have been seduced, as shows and stage-plays are provided for nations that are corrupted. If you would govern mankind, you must strike, you must astonish their imagination, for it is that alone which actuates them ; and, after all, what are conscience and reason but a variable imagination, which a shrewd and clever mind modifies at pleasure ? Be assured, however, young man, that with all these principles, we fail not to perform the duties prescribed by honour and equity in submitting ourselves to works which our reason disapproves. At the altar, when I bow down before that Host which I sacrifice, think not that I am guilty of idolatry. It is to the Supreme Being, who pervades the whole universe, that I offer my adorations. He exists in the bird that sings, in the stream that murmurs, in the admirable fruit that adorns our hills ; why, then, should he not exist in the bread which we prepare from one of the most precious of his gifts. Neither does my mind aspire to create fantastical palaces for the Infinite Being who dispenses to us life and reason. It was fear that formed hell, and pride that conceived the imaginary bliss of heaven. Am I then to believe that we shall wholly die ? By no means ; nothing on earth dies, much less does man. Death to him is but a return to his primary origin ; the tomb that received him retains merely extinct ashes ; the fire that animated him ascends to the skies ; the blood resolves into the elements that composed it ; and the breath of reason evaporates into—air. Is justice then a mere empty sound ? Perhaps so. Conscience is nothing but what education causes it to be. One nation has honoured as just and right that which another nation has condemned as culpable. Nature receives in silence all the institutions of society, and it is society alone that can establish and define what is just and what is unjust. Believe me, virtue is founded solely on the wants of society. Hence it is that all religions have commanded virtues conformable to the laws of each people, and that no where can we find that constant and uniform morality which nature would have instituted. I do not inquire whether the Son of Mary really existed upon earth. Perhaps I might, by investigation, ascertain all that to be a mere human invention. There lived formerly a just and virtuous monarch, the friend of mankind, who governed them only to render them happy.

The people thought that the First Great Cause of their existence must be in all respects the prototype of such a being ; they wished to honour him in his image, and they ranked their king, Jupiter, among the gods. In remote ages, several men were, from time to time, distinguished for great bodily strength ; and the astonished people, believing these mortals to be endowed with power from above, compounded them all into one and the same ideal personage, and, under the name of Hercules, did homage to the Most High. I adore in Jesus the wisdom, the power, and all the attributes belonging to the Deity ; I adore in him that word, and that sublime reason which governs, animates, preserves the universe, distributing light and happiness ; I adore him under the emblem of the bread that sustains us, of the wine that strengthens us, of the sun that warms us, of the science that enlightens us, of all nature, who bounteously pours forth to us her gifts. Formerly, the priests at Memphis, in the recesses of their temples, reserved this doctrine for the initiated ; at Thebes and in Greece, and among the Gauls, in the sacred colleges of the priests of all nations, this science was kept concealed from the ignorant vulgar. And we, the depositaries of the sacred mysteries, also shield the doctrine of our fathers from the insults of a people who cannot reason, and we reveal it to the enlightened, the just, and the moderate, among mankind. I would not be understood to say that the people are incapable of comprehending these mysteries ; they would understand them quite as well as the priests. At Memphis were to be found among the uninitiated, men wiser than the priests who were initiated. A nation of philosophers is no chimera. Virtue, and equity, and reason, are adapted to the heart of man, and he always loves them when he is not led astray. But let priests renounce that absolute authority which was assigned to them by ignorance and credulity ; let them sacrifice their interest to the love of truth and the beauty of wisdom ; let them relinquish their pretension to all dominion over men except that of moderation, simplicity, and superior virtue ; in this, my friend, consists the real chimera. Consult the page of history. Wherever priests have established colleges, they have aspired to direct and to govern. Rather than allow their power to be diminished, they would suffer kings and nations to perish, and the whole world to be reduced to ruin ; and their fate is such, that they fall not but when empires fall ; while kings are always crushed and annihilated beneath the thrones of their own successors. Behold, O my son, that beautiful land of Egypt ! At some future time, your own unfortunate country will exhibit the same melancholy spectacle to the stranger who may be induced by curiosity to explore its interior. Instead of those splendid cities, where encouragement and culture promoted virtue, courage, science, industry, and art, will be seen only temples and palaces in ruins, columns and capitals tumbled to the ground, and at every step those mournful monuments which will attest, amidst those famed remains, the power of the priests, and the wretchedness of the people who were their prey. At these words his eyes overflowed with tears, and he ceased to speak."

" This conversation will seem very strange to men of frivolous minds, who have not studied the history of the Jesuits ; it will not astonish enlightened persons, who must be aware, that even in the times of St. Ignatius, the church was shocked at the horrible doctrine of a Jesuit, whose name I have forgotten, and who, having abjured every sentiment of religion, obliged St. Ignatius himself

We have now fairly quoted the book ; and we leave it to the sense of the public, to doubt, to recognise, to deny, or to credit, the revelations which it divulges : they certainly develop a most extraordinary state of things, if any weight is attached to their authority.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions and Reciprocal Regulations between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, as far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, &c. &c. By L. Hertslet, Esq. Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office.

THIS very useful work, which emanates from the office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, contains a complete collection of the treaties between our government and foreign powers, and of all the laws, decrees, orders in council, &c. which regulate our commercial intercourse with all the nations and states of the Old and New World. It is obvious that this is not a work the character or quality of which can be illustrated by extracts ; but we have thought it right to notice it, because we consider it an object of importance, not only to statesmen and lawyers, but to merchants and others engaged in mercantile pursuits at home and abroad, to know that all our treaties and commercial stipulations and regulations have been brought together in a small compass, and published in an accurate and authentic shape. Mr. Hertslet, as far as we are able to judge, has displayed great ability as well as diligence in the execution of this work.

Dr. Faustus. By W. J. Thoms, London. Pickering.

THE famous history of Dr. Faustus is the No. VI. of Mr. Thoms' excellent edition of Early English Fictions. The doings of the sorcerer are detailed in all their superstitions, verisimilitude, during the twenty-four years of his devilish contract ; and it is really pitiable to see how ill the conjuror was used. It is a very curious, and withal a very entertaining, tome.

Outlines of a System of Surveying, for Geographical and Military Purposes, &c. By Major T. L. Mitchell, H. P. unattached. 12mo. pp. 96. London. S. Leigh.

THIS seems to us to be a very clear and judicious work. It lays down excellent rules for taking plans of all kinds of ground, and explains an extremely useful invention for facilitating that labour, the *Station Pointer*. The result of long experience and much difficult practice,—it must strongly recommend itself to all military men, and to engineers, travellers, and men of science generally.

The Seventh Report of the Committee, &c. for the Improvement of Prison Discipline. 8vo. pp. 411.

THE seventh volume ! surely this might exhaust the subject, benevolent, philanthropic, and moral, as it is. What man's length of life can enable him to devote so much time to one inquiry ? We strenuously recommend an abridgment and condensation of these valuable reports. We regret to see it stated that the funds of the institution whence they emanate are greatly burdened with debt, and embarrassed.

to expel him from the company ; and successively became a Protestant, a Jew, a Mahometan, and lastly a professed Atheist. At a later period, Fr. Harolm Berruyer, Chevalier, and others subverted the foundations of all belief, denied the existence of God and of Jesus Christ, and perpetrated, before the whole world, the scandalous offence of the most revolting impiety."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
POLAR EXPEDITION.

In addition to the particulars which we last week communicated to our readers respecting Captain Parry's Expedition, we have now the satisfaction of laying before them some details which may also be relied on as equally authentic.

About the middle of May last, the *Hecla*, after forcing her way through the barrier of ice which commonly at that season opposes the passage of ships to the northward, reached an open space of clear water, several leagues wide, between the ice and the north end of Charles's Foreland; and sailed round Hakluyt's Headland into the northern entrance of Smeerenburg Harbour, which was found closed by one unbroken floe of ice, still firmly attached to the land on every side. To this ice the *Hecla* was made fast, with the intention of sawing the ship into harbour; a violent gale, however, from the southward, broke away the ice at the margin, and the ship drifted, but was fortunately run into a smooth place which presented itself in the pack or main ice.

Shortly after this, the wind shifted to the north-westward, and the ice closed upon the land, preventing the escape of the *Hecla*, and drifting her considerably to the eastward, near Red Beach. Here the ship remained beset with ice for several days, at the distance of about five miles from the land, without any clear water in sight.

About the first week in June, a southerly gale drove the ice off the land, and the *Hecla* got into open water off Waygatz Strait, after being twenty-four days hemmed in. Anxious search was now made for a harbour; but the whole coast was perfectly inaccessible, on account of the ice being firmly attached to the shores in every part.

Captain Parry therefore sailed towards the Seven Islands, hoping to find them more clear from ice, and to discover among them some shelter for the ship; but on arriving at Walden Island, the shores were there also found entirely blocked up by the same obstacle. Captain Parry now proceeded to the northward, among loose and very broken ice, to lat. 81 deg. 5 min. 32 sec., being in long. 19 deg. 34 min. east—and might have advanced some miles farther to the northward in the *Hecla*, but his object was, if possible, to find a safe harbour for her, and he again stood to the southward: no alteration in character, however, was to be perceived, the shores being still locked up by an impenetrable barrier of land ice. A place of shelter was at last discovered for the *Hecla*, in lat. 70 deg. 55 min., long. 16 deg. 54 min. east, which appears to answer to "William Toleka Bay" of the old Dutch charts; and here, by sawing a canal for a quarter of a mile through the ice, she was placed in a secure situation.

Captain Parry left the *Hecla* on the evening of the 21st June, with two boats which had been constructed for the purpose; Dr. Beverley accompanied him: the other boat was under the command of Lieutenant Ross, who was accompanied by Mr. Bird; and each boat had twelve men, with a supply of provisions for seventy-one days. On leaving Table Island there was scarcely any ice in sight: the weather was remarkably fine, and the sea as smooth as a mirror.

After proceeding about ten miles they came to a body of ice, through which, however, they sailed some distance to the northward, but were stopped by it at noon on the 24th of

June, being in lat. 81 deg. 12 min. 51 sec., from which time their journey over the ice commenced. The ice across which they proceeded to the northward consisted entirely of small detached masses, sometimes just so far separated as to render it necessary to launch the boats and haul them up again—at other times, close enough for them to cross from one to the other by making bridges of the boats—occasionally joined together, so as to enable them to step across, though generally with great risk to their provisions, and in all cases requiring the most laborious exertions to allow them to make any progress. The surface of the ice also was so irregular, and so covered with deep snow, that even when they did meet with a mass of somewhat longer extent than usual, the boats were moved with difficulty, and it always required two, and often three or four journeys to transport their baggage; and these journeys were by so indirect a route, that they had often to walk two miles to make good one mile of northward way. Such, indeed, were the difficulties of this travelling, that notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the officers and men for eleven hours daily, their progress to the northward did not at first exceed two or three miles a day. Captain Parry, however, persevered, in the hope of soon reaching the main or field ice, which has always been spoken of as occurring to the north of Spitzbergen, and which Phipps (Lord Mulgrave) upon the same meridian, and even in a latitude thirty miles to the southward, described as "flat and unbroken."

As Captain Parry proceeded to the northward, he occasionally met with a small floe, and likewise with a few narrow holes of open water; but the greater part of his journey was over loose and rugged masses, only a few yards in extent, requiring the boats to be constantly launched and hauled up, which consumed considerable time, and proved very exhausting to the men. The quantity of fresh water on the ice was so great, that they were almost always wading through it, and their feet were consequently wet with snow water for twelve hours out of every four and twenty, by which exposure the men suffered much from chilblains, &c.* In addition, they experienced a great deal of rain, more having fallen in the course of two or three days only than during the whole of eight previous summers which Captain Parry had passed in the polar regions,—by which their clothes, boats, and provisions bags, were constantly kept in a wet state.

They soon found, that notwithstanding the prevalence, at first, of southerly winds, the ice had so decided a tendency to drift to the southward, that they sometimes lost nearly as much while they were resting as they had gained by the preceding day's labour. In consequence of these united obstructions, they had, on the 10th of July, only reached the latitude of 82 deg., being then in the meridian of 23½ deg. east of Greenwich. Even such discouraging circumstances as these did not damp the zeal of Captain Parry and his party, and they still used every exertion to push to the northward, in the confident hope of at length meeting with the field ice, and of then making progress in some degree proportioned with their exertions; for although it became too evident that the attainment of his whole object was no longer within the scope

of his resources, Captain Parry had determined to reach the highest latitude which his means would allow, and, if possible, to extend his journey beyond the eighty-third degree. As they proceeded, scarcely any improvement was found in the nature of the ice: indeed, some of the lightest and most broken which was met with during their progress, occurred in lat. 82 deg. 40 min. In this parcel, as far as the eye could reach, nothing at one time could be seen but detached pieces of bay ice, so thin and decayed as to render it extremely dangerous to trust the provisions upon them. In passing from piece to piece of this ice, only one man could be allowed to venture near the edge at a time, for fear of breaking it; and although every care was taken, there was a constant but unavoidable risk of losing their provisions, it being often necessary to leave, for a time, their whole means of existence on a surface of ice quite full of holes, and so thin and decayed that the smallest motion among the surrounding masses would, in an instant, have broken it up, and sent the provisions to the bottom. On one occasion, the ice over which the boats and sledges were travelling, gave way under them, by which accident they narrowly escaped the loss of all their meat, and also some lives;—one of the men was saved only by his drag-belt being attached to the sledge.

On the 22d of July, the northerly wind, from which they had been hitherto remarkably free, prevailed for several days together, giving the ice so increased a drift to the southward, that they could make little or no advance, even under circumstances in other respects favourable for travelling. In more than one instance Captain Parry found, by observation, that after ten hours' labour in travelling northward, he had scarcely gained, or rather had not retained, a mile, and had sometimes even lost ground. From the 21st to the 26th of July, they had only gained one mile of northing, though they had, at least, travelled twenty-three miles in that direction; so that a southerly set, exceeding four miles a day, had prevailed during that interval.

Under such circumstances, it was evidently in vain to struggle any longer to so little purpose; and therefore, on the 26th of July, having travelled northward thirty-five days, Captain Parry came to the conclusion, that it would be only incurring useless fatigue to the party under his command, to persevere any longer in the attempt, which, on such ice as they had met, was altogether hopeless.

The highest latitude reached by Captain Parry was 82 deg. 45 min. 15 sec. upon the meridian of 20 deg. east of Greenwich; to attain which, he and his party had traversed 292 miles; but taking into account the number of times they had to return for the boats and baggage in the course of every journey over the ice, in consequence of its broken and rugged surface, the computation of their actual travelling up to this point is 580 geographical or 668 statute miles. If the ice had been of the nature anticipated, they could easily have accomplished the average of fifteen miles a day.

In returning, the party experienced precisely the same kind of travelling as in proceeding northwards; but they now not merely retained whatever distance they travelled, but daily made several miles more, especially with a northerly wind.

They reached Little Table Island on the 12th of August, having been actually upon the ice for forty-eight days; and gained

* The tingling sensation which was experienced when they put on dry stockings was even more painful than the exposure to the snow water.—(See the *L. G.* of last Saturday.)

the Hecla on the 21st, after an absence of sixty-one days. Captain Parry's entire party, although they had undergone such constant exposure to wet, cold, and fatigue, returned to the ship in excellent health, there being only three individuals ailing, one from accident, and two from swelled legs; but even these were convalescent in a short time.

We now come to speak of the results of this voyage.—A continued series of magnetic and meteorological observations was obtained.—The magnetic dip was found gradually to increase in going northwards, from about 81 deg. at the Hecla's station, to 82 deg. 22 min. in the latitude of 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg.—The westerly variation decreased in going northwards from 19 to 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg., and in going to the eastward it became still less; but any change of position to the westward caused the variation quickly to increase, which it did to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. in the longitude of 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. east.—All these phenomena would appear to favour the theory of two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere of the earth, as suggested by Professor Hooke.

In the meteorological phenomena observed in the course of Captain Parry's progress northwards, there is, perhaps, nothing so remarkable as the extraordinary frequency of rain in so high a latitude. In one instance, when in lat. 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg., it rained hard for thirty-one hours, and on another occasion for twenty-one. On the 23d July a very beautiful natural appearance was observed, consisting of six distinct fog-bows strongly tinged with the prismatic colours.

No appearance of land was seen to the northward at the extreme point of Captain Parry's journey; and as the birds had almost entirely forsaken the party as they proceeded in that direction, and no bottom could be found with 500 fathoms of line, it is probable that there is no land within a very considerable distance.

No drift-wood was met with after entering the ice, nor any whales during the voyage, except on the ground already frequented by whalers on the western side of Spitzbergen.

During the absence of Captain Parry, Lieutenant Foster, besides completing some surveys, made an interesting series of experiments on the diurnal changes of variation and intensity in the magnetic needle, by which an amount was discovered in these phenomena not before suspected to exist at Spitzbergen, and which will form valuable data in this department of science.

A complete collection of specimens of natural history has been made—sufficient to furnish the British, Edinburgh, and Dublin museums.

Having laid before our readers these farther interesting particulars of this Expedition, we will add a few remarks, which, we may say, belonged to our last number. After expressing our admiration at the manly perseverance displayed by the whole party engaged upon the ice, we cannot withhold a peculiar and public tribute of that feeling from its gallant commander, whose conduct has been described to us in terms of the most unmeasured eulogy. Captain Parry not only shared every toil with his men, but animated them by his example, and encouraged them by cheering words, when almost sinking under exhaustion. He raised their hopes, and stimulated their exertions, in recalling to mind what would be expected of them by their country; and we are assured that the greatest hardships of their situation were lightened and brightened by the address and skilful management of their leader, whose

spirits never flagged, and whose good humour never failed him.

We believe we ought to have mentioned, that besides the two boats which moved on sleds, or skates, adapted to their keels, and were heavy drags through the sinking slush, four very clever sledges were contrived, each made of four snow-shoes, fastened together by transverse bolts, and drawn by two men. These carried the pemecan and other provision. Of the former, the pemecan, our notice may not have been sufficiently explicit. It is meat prepared in the same way that the Indians prepare their provision of buffalo or deer. The flesh (beef in this case) is cut into stripes, and dried, according to a particular process, by the smoke of wood (the root of the ash, we believe). It is then beaten into a powder, and an equal proportion of fat being melted, the whole is mixed up together into a solid mass. It is evident that more of real sustenance from animal matter cannot be combined in any less bulky or burdensome compound. It makes an excellent and very nutritive soup.

When Captain Parry's volume appears, there will be some amusing stories of adventures with bears, seals, &c. &c., some of which, though we have heard, we do not feel at liberty to repeat: in the meantime, we will only submit a speculation which occurs to us, on reconsidering the statements already published. It is known by the experience of all former voyages to the Arctic circle, that towards the end of the season, in consequence of the heat radiating from the land, the ice is detached from the shores of these seas, and floats southward. Ice, therefore, does not detach from other ice, but from the coast. Taking this principle with us, when we find that our expedition traversed a surface of some hundred miles, we conclude, whatever was the extent of that mass drifting south, it must have left an equal extent of open water in its original place in the north. We also infer, that there must be land at the north pole, from which this body was separated; and that if it could have been entirely crossed, Captain Parry and his companions would have found a clear sea for the boats, and had little difficulty in reaching Polar Land.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

NEW LITERARY CLUB.

A PROSPECTUS for the formation of a New Literary Club in London, on the *original* plan of the Atheneum, has appeared in several of the newspapers, and has our cordial support. We believe we may state, that several young noblemen and gentlemen of rank, whose tastes lead them to the cultivation of literature, have already signified their intention of becoming active members of the proposed society; and we cannot doubt but they will immediately rally round them a sufficient number of eligible individuals, engaged in similar pursuits, to complete the limited amount of subscribers. That the Atheneum has fallen short of the expectations entertained of it, is generally allowed; and therefore, respectable and excellent as that club may be, we do not hesitate to express an opinion, that its constitution may be improved upon, now that experience has pointed out what are its inconveniences. But even were this foundation perfect, we would observe, that there is not only room but a demand for another. The candidates for ballot at the Atheneum and University Clubs greatly exceed what can be admitted; and the most proper persons come thus to be excluded for years, and possibly till professional labours, or the more constant business of

advancing life, renders it inexpedient for them to join a body of which they might have been, in earlier times, a light and ornament. To such, the New Literary Club offers a fair opportunity. We advise those who take the lead in its direction, to confine the numbers far within the thousand of the Atheneum, and to be very select in their first measures. They may thus establish a union of the most useful and delightful order, which will bring the high in rank into contact with the high in talent, and tend, in an extraordinary degree, to the promotion of literature and the fine arts. A meeting is about to be called, to fix on the regulations, &c.

FINE ARTS.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

SIR.—In No. 558 of the *Literary Gazette* I observe an engraving of the range of building erected on the site of Carlton House, in the centre of which is a Fountain and *Jet d'eau*, placed within a sort of Temple, towards the formation of which it is proposed to employ the Portico of Carlton House.

Now, sir, I do confess that this appears to me a most injudicious misapplication of that very beautiful specimen of modern architecture; and I am anxious (through the medium of your interesting and instructive publication) to call the attention of those who direct the improvements to the following points:—

1st. It is to be presumed that a Fountain is to be placed in such a situation will be handsome; yet if caged within a Temple of Corinthian columns, at proper intervals, the view of it must be much interrupted.

2d. I do not understand the propriety of covering a *Jet d'eau*, (unless indeed it be to prevent its being *wet by rain*), and the building must always be like a damp dairy.

But the most important and most obvious objection is this,—that the beautiful effect produced by the air playing on the water, and the sunbeams glancing on its falling drops, will be entirely lost.

I feel the more anxious to call your attention, and that of the public, to this subject, because I have accidentally heard that the Committee for erecting a Memorial of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, had some idea of petitioning his Majesty to give them one front of a monumental Temple, within which would be placed a statue of his Majesty's much-loved and much-lamented brother, our late illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

Such an application of this Portico would, in my opinion, be much more appropriate and judicious, and infinitely more agreeable to our gracious Monarch and to Great Britain, than that to which I have referred.

A Temple elevated on a platform, to be ascended by two flights of steps, with a broad landing-place between them, and placed at the western extremity of the parade, and exactly opposite the entrance through the Horse-guards, would unite beauty and effect with the most pleasing associations,—and this beautiful relic of a palace, so long the favourite residence of our beloved King, would still to after ages the steady and affectionate attachment of two royal brothers, and the more singular and delightful phenomenon of unabated confidence of the Monarch, and undeviating and respectful devotion of the Heir-presumptive to the throne. No man could ever look upon such a building, for such a purpose, and so composed, without feeling his heart swell with emotions of which an Englishman might well be proud.

I am one of those who object to all anonymous communications; I would have every man avow what he says, and take care not to say anything of which he need be ashamed: but my name could give no weight to my suggestions; * and, in the present instance, the fear of being deemed obtrusive or presumptuous induces me to become an exception to my own general rule. I have, therefore, the honour to subscribe myself,

A LOVER OF IMPROVEMENT.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Plans on the Ravensbourne, Kent. By Henry Warren. London, 1827. Large 4to. H. Warren; J. Dickinson.

We often ramble far a-field in search of beauty which are spread at our feet; we run to Switzerland to fill the purses of extortionate innkeepers, + and see what may be far better seen in Scotland; we seek on the Rhine what may be enjoyed on the Wye; and would not, for our reputation's sake, view in Derbyshire with wonder and delight, what, though less striking, other more errant travellers exult in ecstasies on beholding in a foreign land. Mr. Warren has been tempted to look hence home than is common for picturesque scenery and natural features worthy of the artist's pencil. His publication consists (besides an antiquarian vignette) of six lithographic prints of the banks of a small but pretty stream, called the Ravensbourne, which rises on the brow of a hill in the parish of Keston; and, after watering the grounds of Mr. Norman and the admirably laid-out park of Lord Farnborough, at Bromley, flows into the Thames by Lewisham and Deptford. The subjects are selected with good taste, and the letter-press descriptions of their most remarkable parts (such as Simpson Castle, Caesar's Camp, Lord Farnborough's Park, Ladywell, Lewisham, &c.) are possessed of more than usual interest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE KANGAROOS: A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos

(The case is oft a human one too,) Were greatly puzzled once to choose A trade to put their eldest son to, A little brisk and busy chap, As all the little K.'s just then are— About some two months off the lap, They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle Betray'd the hardship of the puzzle— So much the flavour of life's cup Is framed by early wrong or right, And kangaroos, we know, are quite Dependent on their "rearing up." The question, with its ins and outs, Was intricate and full of doubts, And yet they had no squeamish carings For trades unfit or fit for gentry, Such notions never had an entry, For they had no armorial bearings. Howbeit they're not the last on earth That might indulge in pride of birth; Whoe'er has seen their infant young

* We are of a different opinion in this respect. See Notice to Correspondents—*Ed. L. G.*

+ We take this opportunity of advertising to the gross and exorbitant charges now so unconsciously laid upon British travellers in Switzerland. The most beggarly line for the poorest fare and accommodations, makes out a bill as high as one of our first hotels at Bath, Cheltenham, or Brighton; probably three times as dear as the adjoining state of Germany, and twice as dear as any part of France.

Bob in and out their mothers' pokes,

Would own, with very ready tongue, They are not born like common folks.

Well, thus the serious subject stood, It kept the old pair watchful nightly, Debating for young hopefu's good, That he might earn his livelihood,

And go through life (like them) uprightly.

Arms would not do at all; no, marry, In that line all his race miscarry;

And agriculture was not proper, Unless they meant the lad to tarry

For ever as a mere clodhopper.

He was not well cut out for preaching, At least in any striking style;

And as for being mercantile—

He was not formed for over-reaching.

The law—why there still fate ill-starred him, And plainly from the bar debarr'd him:

A doctor—who would ever fee him?

In music he could scarce engage;

And as for going on the stage

In tragic socks—I think I see him!

He would not make a rigging-mounter:

A haberdasher had some merit, But there the counter still ran counter,

For just suppose

A lady chose

To ask him for a yard of ferret!

A gardener digging up his beds?

The puzzled parents shook their heads.

"A tailor would not do, because—"

They paused and glanced upon his paws. Some parish post?—though fate should place it Before him, how could he embrace it?

In short, each anxious kangaroo

Discus'd the matter through and through; By day they seem'd to get no nearer,

"Twas posing quite—

And in the night

Of course they saw their way no clearer.

At last, thus musing on their knees—

Or hinder elbows, if you please,

It came—no thought was ever brighter!

In weighing every why and whether,

They jump'd upon it both together—

"Let's make the imp a *short-hand writer!*"

Moral.

I wish all human parents so

Would argue what their sons are fit for;

Some Would-be Critics that I know,

Would be in trades they have more wit for.

T. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. IV.

On some Ancient Customs of the Country of Chartres, particularly the Canton of Bonneval.

To run the Were-Wolf—(*courir le loup-garou*).—About sixty years since, it was the custom with many persons, particularly in the dark winter nights, to run through the streets, muffled up in white cloths; while others dragged chains after them; which was done to amuse themselves and frighten their neighbours. This was called *courir le loup-garou*, and to play at ghosts.

Marriage Customs.—The customs relative to marriage, particularly in the country, offer some striking marks of originality. The following ceremonies are still observed in a part of the country of Chartres, or La Beauce, in the environs of Bonneval.

There is nothing extraordinary in the manner of demanding the bride. The marriage

contract once concluded, on the following Sunday the bridegroom goes in search of his betrothed lady, and conducts her to the house of his relatives, where they pass the greater part of the day. This is called *faire le beau Dimanche*, and is never omitted. Eight days before the wedding, the bride and bridegroom go on horseback to invite their guests. On the day of the ceremony, the relatives of the bridegroom come to take the lady to her house. She is conducted to the church at the head of the company, preceded by a musician, playing a march on his violin; * she is led by her father, or, if she have not any, by the most respectable person in the family: the bride holds one end of a white towel, and he who conducts her the other end.

When the husband puts the ring on the finger of his wife, he places it only as far as the second joint; and she must quickly push it as far as the third, to prevent the enchantment of the sorcerers, who have only this instant of the passage of the ring over the third joint of the fourth finger to work their spells on the bridegroom, and compel him to wear chains less supportable than those silken ones imposed by Hymen. After the mass has commenced, the bride offers the consecrated bread, which two young people of the company go into the sacristy to cut in pieces; they then put them into a plate, and distribute them, first to the persons attending the wedding, and afterwards to other persons who may be introduced to them. The *chanteau*, that is, the first morsel of bread taken, is given to the young lady who is the nearest relative of the bride; and she, on presenting it, is supposed to wish that she may be speedily married.

The bride and bridegroom hear the mass kneeling; and when the gospel is read, the company are particular in remarking which of them rises first, as it is a sure sign who will be master. At the moment when the *bondieu* of the mass is exhibited (according to the language of the country), or, at the elevation of the host, those who are placed near them give them three slight taps on the heels with the handle of a knife; which is, say they, to prevent them from becoming jealous.

The mass being finished, and the priest retired into the sacristy, he who conducted the bride to church now comes to take her back again; he conducts her to the altar, compels her to salute him, and leaves her standing there. The bride remains in this situation till the person whose duty it is to conduct her back from the mass comes to fetch her, and to lead her to her friends, and cause her to be seated amongst them. The bride is brought back from the mass with the same ceremonies as she is led thither; except that she is now conducted by the relatives of the husband to his home, because she now belongs to the family of the man whom she has married.

On leaving the church, the bride is brought in front of an image of the Virgin, or of St. Anne, near which is placed a distaff, with some flax on it: this is presented to her,—she uses it for a short time, and then returns it.

In the meanwhile, many of the young folks leave the company, and go to the nearest *épicerie*, to prepare the toast and hot wine with sugar in it; and the youngest of them carries it under a napkin, which is fastened under the chin and round the neck. The married couple first taste it, and it is afterwards distributed among the company: each person is usually presented with a spoon pierced full of holes, as if it were

* The *baguette* was formerly used; it is now only played upon by the shepherds.

intended that they should be prevented from tasting what was offered to them.

In some places it was the custom to offer to the bride and bridegroom the largest loaf that could be found, "piping hot" from the oven, and they were compelled to bite a piece of it; they were also obliged to drink hot wine out of a large iron pipe.

At the present day, as every thing is altered by refinement, biscuits are offered in the families of farmers in good circumstances, which are eaten with the hot wine and sugar.

All this passes at the principal door of the church; here, also, the young people deck the young girls who attend the wedding with ribands; the musician, too, is not forgotten. Sometimes the ribands are not distributed till after dinner, when the company leave the table; but in this case it has been forgotten, or there has been a breach of etiquette.

In the villages where the toast is not presented at the door of the church, it is not lost by waiting for it. First, messieurs the beards very gallantly seize the bride at the door of the church; and the husband is obliged to pay a ransom to have his wife restored to him: but this is only a trifle:—for at a little distance, near the railing of the cemetery, an ass appears, bearing an image or figure of a man made of straw: the bride has to mount behind this figure; and while she is compelled in this way to make the tour of the village, with a large party of the wedding folks, the poor husband is conducted straight to his house. Arrived at the first door, he is presented with a large loaf, weighing fifteen pounds, which he is politely requested to bite; wine is also brought to him in a dish, which he is forced to lap, in the best manner he can. At the second door, one of the strongest men in the company waits his arrival, and opposes his entrance with a frying-pan, the under part of which is sufficiently black; and if the unhappy spouse be not strong or agile enough to ward off the blow, he is sure to enter his house with the marks of his weakness upon his face. But this is not all; they immediately tie him to the door-post with the longest cord they can find, and in doing this they make as many knots as possible; and the poor martyr awaits in this piteous state the arrival of his "dearly beloved," who, having terminated her fine procession, now comes to release her husband from his bonds. A broom is thrown across the road over which the bride is to pass to gain the principal entrance of the house; and if she pass by without picking it up, they form an unfavourable prognostic of her future domestic management. When she has entered the house, she is condemned to deliver her prisoner, by untying, one after another, the almost numberless knots in the cords with which he is bound.

Before they sit down to table, or after dinner, they "run for the gloves." The young people go on horseback to a convenient place, and determine the starting point and the goal: this course is always held on fallow ground; and in bad weather there is some special amusement, for one half of the gentlemen are seen sprawling in the mud. He who wins the course receives a pair of gloves from the hands of the bridegroom. Afterwards, the young women have a foot race: a cake is the prize which the victorious damsel receives from the hands of the fair bride.

They at length go into the house, and place themselves at the table, the upper end of which is occupied by the bride, who has her nearest relation on one side of her, and her husband's next of kin on the other. Her "good gentle-

man," however, is compelled to wait upon his guests during the whole of the day; none of whom, under pain of fine and amerclament, are allowed to designate the new-married couple by any other appellations than those of *Monsieur la marié*, and *Madame la mariée*. Every time they drink, it is equally prohibited, under the same penalty, to "hobnob" with them.

At the commencement of the dessert, the youngest male relative of the bride, or if there be none, a friend of the family, creeps under the table, and goes to take off the bride's garters,—a silk riband, sometimes ornamented with a gold or silver tassel. Having obtained the prize, he keeps one himself, and the other he gives to the nearest relative of the husband. Both of them wear the garters on their left arms during the wedding-feast, and these are tied above the elbow.

About the close of the dessert, the young girls present a nosegay to the bride. This is usually accompanied with a white pigeon or turtle-dove, or instead of these, some small tame domestic animal. It is in a covered dish, the whole being enveloped in a napkin. The bird is so ornamented and entangled with ribands that it cannot fly. The youngest of the company is the spokesman on this occasion.

Formerly, the nosegay was presented by the young girls of the village and the neighbourhood, with a musician at their head. Some complimentary verses were recited on this occasion, commencing with,

Bon jour, madame la mariée,
Et votre noble compagnie.

After having treated the new-married couple with a long string of compliments in this fashion, the company retire, and the entertainment concludes with the singing of graces—the solo of which is taken by the strongest and loudest voice in the company; the whole assembly joins in chorus:—

Alleluia, Alleluia;
Kyrie, Christe,
Kyrie, eleison:—

and the musician accompanies them on the violin.

A hymn is then sung, of which the following is the commencement:—

Grâces soient rendues
A Dieu de la-sus,
De la bien venue
De son fils Jesus, &c. &c.

It then speaks of the apple, of Adam, and of the redemption; prays for the king, prays for fathers, mothers, and for souls in purgatory; returns thanks to Jesus for having given bread, wine, fruits, and a good fire; sings of the three Magi, and finishes with these two couplets:—

Voisins et voisines,
Bien venus soyez,
Pour chacun chropine,
Ne vous enfuyez,
Car suivant ses tracés
De nos pères visez,
Faut boire après grâces
Pour être joyeux.
Alleluia, &c.

Avant que partie
De cette maison,
Viens veux avertir,
Qui'avez que calzon,
Chacun vers à boire
Encore une fois;
Puis que l'on s'en allie,
Et qu'à Dieu l'on soit.
Alleluia, &c.

The command to "charge their glasses" is quickly obeyed; and the wine drunk, the young folks run to the dance. The old people remain to drink and play at cards. The dance is open to every one who chooses to join it, and the young boys and girls of the village not invited to the wedding, come to see the dancing; and if the entertainments last longer than a day, it

is the custom to give up the dancing-room to them on the first day, after dinner. The wedding-day was more particularly observed in the chief town of the district than in the villages; and for the young people, in respectable families, this was quite a day of pleasure. Little masquerade parties were formed, and they came to the dance as to a masked ball. A person dressed like a postilion, with large boots and a whip in his hand, conducted the troop, and presented himself to the bridegroom; and it was considered the greatest rudeness to refuse entrance to the masques after this introduction. Every one gave place to the masques, who amused themselves with dancing, then accepted the refreshments offered to them, and either retired or unmasked themselves for the rest of the evening. Formerly, towards the evening, the company invited to the wedding went themselves to sleep in the bed where the new-married couple were to sleep. At supper, every one takes the same place he had at dinner. About the middle of the repast the sons of the husbandmen of the village and neighbourhood bring in the *ban*. This is a nosegay, in the middle of which is a small figure, emblematic of the trade of the person who carries it. The husbandman has a small plough and a little sheaf of corn; the miller has a small mill, &c. This nosegay is carried at the end of a wand or staff. He who announces the *ban* carries a sword, on the point of which is an orange or an apple. Formerly, the persons who conducted this ceremony rode on horseback if they were husbandmen, the millers on mules; the other trades went on foot. The millers formed the most attractive procession. When they arrive, they make a loud noise at the door, by rubbing it in a circle with a stone. This music recommends at each couplet of the following song, which is sung by the person who holds the sword:—

Song of the Ban.
Sur le pont d'Avignon j'ai ouï chanté la belle,
Qui dans son chant disait une chanson nouvelle.
Il faut brider Moreau,^a et lui mettre sa selle,
Puis piquer d'éperon jusqu'au lieu de belle.
Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez, nouvelle mariée.

To which the bride answers—

Comment que j'ouvrirais? je suis au lit couchée,
Auprès de mon mari, que me tient à brasées.
Et comme il m'y clendra pendant cette nuitée,
Attendez à demain la fraîche matinée.

The young man answers—
Comment que j'attendrais? j'ai la barbe gelée!
La barbe et le menton, la main que tient l'épée.
J'ai mon cheval grisou qui en a la tranchée,
Et mon petit chien blanc qui mord dans la gelée.
Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez, nouvelle mariée.
Sont trois petits oiseaux qui ont pris leur volée.
Ils sont volé si haut, qu'ils ont la mer passée,
La mer, et les poissons, et toute la merée.
Sur le château du roi ils sont pris répôsé;
Ils sont pondu, couvé, ont améné grôsé,
Sur la table du roi ils sont pris leur becche.
Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez, nouvelle mariée.

The door is opened, the young people enter, and offer their *ban* to the bride, who, to mark her approbation, takes the orange or apple from the sword; and to shew her thankfulness, replaces it by a cake. The juvenile attendants partake of the banquet and retire, receiving from the bridegroom some marks of his gratitude. But we must reserve the sequel for next Saturday.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday week, the *Illustrious Stranger*, an entertainment, and justly so called, from the pen of Kenny, was produced at this theatre. It is founded on a French piece, and identical with *You shall be Buried*, by Planché, at the Haymarket, but more fortunate in its name

* The name of a horse.

and success; for *You shall be Buried* could not be long alive by the actors to whom its support was assigned upon the stage, and the *Illustrious Stranger* makes his appearance so frequently that he must soon drop the title, and become a very familiar friend. *Liston in Bowbell*, and *Harley in Gimbo*, are full of drollery and frolic; and some very charming music, by Nathan, completes the attractions of this popular performance. When *Liston* lands, and is received by the dying king and his court as the *Illustrious Stranger* destined by fate to marry the Princess, we would say nothing could be more ludicrous than his acting, were it not surpassed by the irresistible grotesqueness of his terror when condemned to be buried alive. *Harley's* song is, like his performance, extremely humorous and most laughable.

On Friday (and since) a Miss Grant has made good progress with the public in the character of *Diana Vernon*, in *Rob Roy*. In face and figure she is well adapted for the stage; and she sings with uncommon sweet and effect. Her *début* may therefore be considered as a very successful one, and her promise of future favour certain.

Young Kean has been Norvalized the town several times more, to full houses; and is appointed for *Achmet in Barbarossa*, on Monday—a part well fitted for his youth and power. In his later performances, Mr. Kean has greatly improved upon his *début*. There is more of nature in his style of acting, less of embarrassment, and, consequently, more of grace. His bow to Lady Randolph is a forcible proof of this, and a fine tilt of acting. He also manages his voice infinitely better; and many of its tones are musical and pathetic. Upon the whole, we are inclined to augur more favourably of him than has been generally done by our brother critics; some of whom, indeed, seem to have been very harsh upon a youthful first appearance.

Miss Paton and Mr. Braham appear on Tuesday; so that we have strong prospects in many ways.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this house we have to notice the appearance of Mr. Wrench, whose talents have been too long confined to lesser and provincial theatres. He took the character of *Rover in Wild Oats* for his *début*; and though we do not think it the best in his line, he played it with much spirit and éclat.

Mr. C. Kemble has exhibited the diversity of his acquirements in *Othello* and *Benedick*, and shewn himself an equal favourite with both the Muses. Miss Jarman was his *Beatrice*, and a very pleasing one, in the comedy; and Blanche, unquestionably inferior to no representative of a Shakspearian droll or clown upon the stage, was admirable in *Dogberry*. Keeley in *Verges* also merits a very marked commendation.

On Thursday Miss Kelly made her *courtesy* (if that be the right phrase) at this theatre in the *Shepherd Boy*, transplanted from the English Opera House; and she proved that, in such parts at least, a larger stage and house are no drawback upon true genius. Her whole performance was indeed admirable; and she was most enthusiastically rewarded by plaudits and sincerer tears. Miss Goward sang and acted also, as at the English Opera, delightfully.

Mr. Young has played *Hamlet* since our last, and in a pure and elevated style. We have been much diverted of late by the cri-

ticisms in the Paris Journals upon the English drama—Sheridan's comedies and Shakspeare's tragedies; and these, through translation into the English newspapers, must be familiar to most readers. They are, in general, strange exhibitions of what may be called, without meaning it harshly, ignorance of the subjects; and it is rather ludicrous to see such crude opinions copied, with all formality, by the press of this country, as if they were entitled to consideration where the same points have been discussed so amply by so many able pens. But we notice the matter not so much for the sake of criticising these criticisms, as for the purpose of reverting to the Lectures on Shakspeare (mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday the 29th), delivered at Hamburg by Mr. Egestorff, who seems to understand and appreciate the author better than most foreigners—we would hardly except Schlegel. The following extracts appear to us to possess considerable originality, and to be very just.

“ Singular it is, that so many theories should have been formed respecting the personal character of Hamlet, and that all should fall so far short of it, as drawn by Shakspeare himself, and as the poet has put it into his own mouth, in the well-known monologue,

‘ To be, or not to be,’ &c.

A monologue in which all is comprised that can make a man exclaim,

‘ How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!’

And, at the same time, every consideration summed up that ‘ must give us pause,’ &c.

“ In this state of mind, he is too much disgusted with every thing, that the assumed air of kindness in the usurper should be able to make any impression upon him. He is shocked at the evident want of discretion, and at the inconstancy of his mother!—

‘ Why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on;—and yet within a month,’ &c.

And—

‘ Frailty, thy name is woman!’

“ After the discovery has been made by the Ghost, and he is convinced of the licentiousness and infidelity of his parent, he exclaims,

‘ O most pernicious woman!’

This makes him so doubtful respecting conjugal faith, that his gloomy state of mind even casts a dark shade on the object of his affection—the amiable Ophelia; a shade which is not dispelled until it is too late. That he did not merely feign an attachment to Ophelia,

* Among various tirades against Shakspeare in one of the French Journals, the *Journal des Débats*, is the following:—“ The French who admire Shakspeare are turncoats, who, in breaking to pieces the altars of the divinities of their own country, have no other object than to elevate on their ruins the gross idols of our neighbours. If the Romans had left *Antinous* to bark in his den, they would not have driven *Jupiter* from the *Capitol*. *Apollo* (whose lyre he had stolen) from the sanctuary of eloquence and the fine arts. Shakspeare was but a barbarian touched with genius; a savage, to be admired only as compared with his contemporaries. By fits and starts, amidst farce and frivolity, some sparks of nature and imagination occasionally escape from him; but his uniform, irregular, incomplete productions are no more worthy of being opposed to the perfection of our master-pieces, than the ore which coarsely encloses a few particles of precious metal to a vase skilfully chased, or a divine statue, which a superior artist has composed from the same materials, divested of their filth, and purified in the fire of genius. *Hermione* and *Roxane* furnish scenes much more consonant to our taste than that abominable *Othello*, the catastrophe of which, atrociously prolonged, wears with horror and disgust the French spectators, who continually exclaim, ‘ What a wretched play!’

“ Among the French critics, the most skilful and the most judicious is *Voltaire*, who, in his *Œuvres*, has collected the best of the instances of the instantaneity and thoughtless passion which directs the ponderous at the moment of *Zaire*. *Voltaire* plundered Shakspeare only as *Virgil* plundered *Ennius*, and *Molière* *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The second act of *Zaire* was more difficult to be conceived than thirty, than a hundred, than a thousand such works as *Othello*.”

but really loved her, is evident from his conduct at her grave, which indeed reminds us of the beautiful lines of Goldsmith:

‘ To give repentance to her lover,

And ring his boston, is—to die.’

“ It is worthy of remark, that the poet does not once bring Ophelia into the presence of Hamlet during her alienation of mind: had Hamlet seen her thus, and had he still remained unmoved by her calamity, of which he must have known his conduct to have been the cause, his want of feeling would have amounted to unnatural hardness of heart, and necessarily have lessened him in our esteem, or have even made us despise and hate him. The harshness of his conversation with her must likewise be ascribed to the state of mind he was in when he encountered her,—immediately after that energetic and important monologue. Subsequently to this, as, for instance, at the representation of the play, his colloquy with her is much more qualified and less severe, though still ironical and sarcastic.

“ It is, however, Hamlet's irresolution, his want of firmness, his constantly wavering between a resolve and its execution, his poring and sceptic disposition, as displayed in the above-cited monologue, that the poet intended to display in the personal character of his hero: the danger of a want of stability, which Shakspeare points out to us, a state of mind that is inimical to happiness, and that renders us inadequate to the discharge of the duties of our station in life. Hamlet is not a character of exemplary virtue, and was not designed by the poet to be such; he is, however, perfectly a dramatic character, and engages our attention from the commencement to the conclusion of the representation, which could not be the case if he were a character unfit for representation on the stage. Those who, notwithstanding this, would fain dispute the point, would do well to examine the character of Achilles, and then tell us whether the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, so pernicious in their effects, and which brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp,—whether these be characteristics of a hero who may be pointed out as being virtuous? And whether we are thence to conclude that Homer, the father of poets, made an injudicious choice in the subject of his *Œuvre*? The unbounded pride of Achilles, his disobedience to his general, his cruelty to his dead enemy, and his selling the body of his son to old Priam, all these we abhor while we read them; and the poet only shews them, as Dryden justly observes, not to be imitated, but like rocks and quicksands, to be carefully avoided and shunned. Thus Shakspeare has set up the character of Hamlet, like some phares or beacon-light, at theickering flame of which we are not to kindle the torch which is to light us on our way, but of which we are to steer clear on the ocean of our lives.

“ It is the churchyard scene, in the fifth act, from which we are to learn the moral of this tragedy; a scene that Mrs. Skottow considers as an exuberant excrecence, which, however, appears to be a chief corner-stone of the main edifice: for there we see the nothingness of all sublunary advantages—there we see how gaiety, beauty, talent, and wit—how greatness and power—nay, how even the government of a world, are not only transient in themselves, but how in the end they lead to nothing.”

Mr. Kean once more advertises that he is to quit the stage after this season, but is engaged for a limited number of nights, to commence with *Shylock* on Monday. Were the stage

what it was in the days of Thespis, we might say of this actor,

"He traversed the earth,

And often took leave, but was loath to depart;" for this is only the last last farewell of "the friend of Byron," who has farther prepared the public for his interesting appearance by favouring them with a translation of a Greek song, given him by his late noble friend. Puff in the drama has furnished no name for a pre-liminary of this particular sort.

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday Mrs. Waylett took her benefit at this theatre, and furnished such a bill of fare as we have seldom seen on any occasion. The house was full, but not so crowdedly attended as we should have expected from the various talents of the fair actress, who is not only handsome, but a sweet singer, and a very clever performer. In the course of the entertainments, Mrs. Waylett sang a comic song, "The Old Maid," with great applause; and Miss Graddon, Mrs. Humby, Miss Forde, Farren, Dowton, Yates, Harley, Pyne, &c. contributed largely to an evening of ample musical and dramatic amusement.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Monday, *A Libertine's Lesson*, a new burletta, founded on *Le Mariage de Raison*, (the origin also of *Love and Reason* at Covent Garden), was produced at the Adelphi with complete success. Mrs. Yates made a charming heroine, *Ellen*, who is the object of seduction to *Alfred* (Yates), a universal gallant. She is finally rescued from his arts, and married *reasonably* to *Linstock* (T. P. Cooke), a faithful soldier. The other characters are, an old Colonel, the father of Alfred, excellently sustained by Terry, and a *Mr.* and *Mrs.* *Sapling*, Reeve and Mrs. Hughes. The former is a highly comic part—a submissive husband, addicted to poetry; and the latter is not only a well-drawn master-wife, but a necessary personage for bringing about the *dénouement*. The theatre fills mightily, as in preceding seasons; and, with the *Pilot*, has no storm to fear or weather.

VARIETIES.

Apple-Trees.—In an orchard at Dijon there are at the present moment apple-trees in blossom, and others bearing fruit nearly ripe.

The Clarinet.—Considerable improvements in the mode of fingerling the clarinet have, say the German journals, been recently made by M. Yevan Müller.

St. James's Park.—The ninth house on the terrace in St. James's Park, of which we lately gave an engraving, with a list of eight of the proprietors, has been assigned to Lord W. Bentinck.

The Heels is safely moored in the river.

Musical Billiard-Table.—A billiard-table has been constructed at Paris, within which are concealed a number of small bells, which are put in motion and play a little tune whenever a hazard is made. We beg to suggest to our lively and ingenious neighbours the practicability of arranging in a similar manner a few pieces of miniature artillery, so that their discharge might indicate a *cannon*. What a noise Jonathan, who we believe is the most accomplished player in England, would make at such a table!

Catalani.—A report was some time ago prevalent that this delightful singer had been shipwrecked on her passage to Sweden. We are happy to say that the story is a fabrication, and that Madame Catalani arrived safely at

Stockholm, and gave her first concert in that city on the 17th ult.

Printers' Pension Society.—A very commendable institution under this title, for the relief of aged and infirm individuals in the printing profession, has been formed, and met with much countenance and support. The business of printing is one that tends, more than any other perhaps, to deaden and destroy the energies of both mind and body; and men who have been all their lives shut up in a printing-office are old at that age when others, whose employment is not so sedentary, and not requiring so great an exertion of the thinking powers, are but in the prime of life. They are, therefore, well entitled to general sympathy, and we doubt not that their society will meet with it from the humane and benevolent, and especially from those connected with the trade.

Wilkie.—The continental journals speak of the distinguished reception which our highly gifted countryman, Wilkie, has experienced at Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Prague, Lyons, &c. He has just finished, they state, a picture representing the Princess Doria washing the feet of the pilgrims during the jubilee at Rome. It is said that the princess very strongly resembles the Duchess of St. Albans'. Mr. Wilkie has also painted a picture representing the scene in which Buonaparte insisted on Pope Pius VII.'s signing the act of his divorce from Josephine. We have, however, read many paragraphs in the newspapers respecting Mr. Wilkie which we know to be unfounded.

University Commission.—We understand that his Majesty's Commissioners for visiting the Scottish Universities are to visit the College of Glasgow on Tuesday, the 9th instant, for the purpose of carrying on their investigations.—*Edinburgh Saturday Post*, Oct. 6.

Platina.—Among the articles in the exhibition in the Louvre of the products of French commerce and industry, is an ingot of platina, perfectly pure, homogeneous, and malleable, weighing 2910 ounces, and estimated at the value of 80,000 francs. This is probably the largest mass of that metal which has yet been seen. The beauty of the typographical works, in the same place, is also loudly extolled in the Paris journals.

New Theatre.—A theatre called the New Brunswick is rapidly rising at the east side of the metropolis, in Goodman's Fields. The architect is Mr. Whitewell; and we hear that his building bids fair to be an ornament to the quarter in which it is situated.

Cure for Consumption.—A statement that a cure has been ascertained for this appalling malady is making the round of the newspapers. The party claiming to have made this extraordinary medical discovery, Mr. Long, of Howland Street, does not belong to the profession, but is known to the public as an artist. We are very sceptical upon all such pretensions; but still we are not unwilling to examine into the merits of what would be so invaluable to humanity as a remedy of this nature; and we recommend it to the Faculty to investigate Mr. Long's testimonials of cases, and determine whether his practice be worthy of attention or not.

Sulphate of Quinine.—In consequence of a notice which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* some weeks ago (No. 549, July 26), respecting the preparation of this invaluable medicine, we have had a number of communications on the subject. Several most respectable apothecaries assured us that they obtained the article from the same source as Apothecaries' Hall; and

that in their possession it was equally pure and unadulterated. The great supply, it appears, has been imported from France, where, as we mentioned, extensive manufacturers were engaged in producing so costly an article of traffic. It now affords us great pleasure to state that the sulphate of quinine is produced in London, on a patent granted to Mr. Warren, in as perfect a form as that for which we have hitherto been obliged to be indebted to the continent. Messrs. Price and Gifford (the agents of Mr. Warren) have forwarded to us a sample of the salt prepared by them, and copies of the testimonials to its excellence, which they have received from the able chemists to whom they submitted it for analysis. Mr. Faraday attests that it is "a pure preparation, containing no other substance than sulphate of quinine, being in fact, a specimen of that peculiar salt in a very clean, excellent, and perfect state." Mr. Brande also bears witness to the home manufacture being as good as any of the foreign which he has seen. We have thus good reason to hope that the lucrative monopoly enjoyed by the latter may now be considered to be at an end; and that the article (so inestimable as a remedy for fever, ague, and other severe disorders) may be furnished as abundantly as is required, as fine and unadulterated, and at as low a price, in England. On applying to Messrs. P. and G. to ascertain the latter important point, they assure us that they have hitherto produced the article at a shilling per ounce less than Monsieur Pelletier. The price have fluctuated much; the present cost being 15s. 6d. or 16s. per ounce, whereas last year it varied from 26s. to 12s.—the last being the effect of the sale of 20,000 ounces thrown into the market, in August, by the French dealers.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Chronicles of the Canongate.—We last week noticed some coincidences, and, praising our own acute sense of hearing (like Fine-Ear in the delightful fairy tale), we whetted the curiosity of our readers with a little gossip about the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. The portion in the same volume is the little remarkable that will be exhibited at this very time nearly all the leading circumstances of the third *Chronicle*, the "Sweeney's Daughter." But when the Volume (II.) comes forth, it will be seen, that the principal incidents of the case of *Heim*, as described in the Police Reports, discovering his parentage after he had grown to manhood, bear a close resemblance to those on which the novel is built. We would not say a word more, least our fair friends should be angry with us for robbing them of some anticipated interest.

Egypt.—The early numbers of a *Geographical, Historical, and Statistical Essay on Egypt*, by Messrs. Segato and Masti, of Leghorn, now in a course of publication, contain some very curious details respecting the canal of Alexandria. The authors of the Essay were employed as engineers in its construction. It appears that although no fewer than 300,000 men were compelled to work at this canal, it cost just as much as similar undertakings executed in Europe by voluntary labour.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mummy: a Tale of the Twenty-Second Century, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Lord Liverpool, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Statutes at Large, Vol. II. Part I. 4to. 11. 2s. 15s. bds.—Practical Treatise on the Blow-Pipe, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Poe's Acts, Alphabetically Arranged, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Bennett's Memoirs of Bogue, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Palmer's New Law Costs, 4to. 8s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Bijou, copy, reached us too late for this week. The letter on the improvements of London, though anonymous, may be referred to as of considerable authority. The subscription to the Duke of York's Monument amounts to 10,000*£*; besides what the East and West Indies may produce. Had it been made popular, instead of exclusive, the noblest pile which the genius of the age could devise would have had ample funds, without caring for extraneous aid.

The enthusiasm of C. + R. pleases us much, and we will do our best to encourage that which is the soul of poetry. He must not, however, expect too much from pages so variously devoted, and so much claimed, as those of the *Literary Gazette*.

A poem by the author of *Whims and Oddities* will be found in a preceding page.

Works recently published by Treuttel and Würz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 20, Soho Square.

[Continued from last Week.]

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